DEVOVT RHAPSODIES:

IN VVHICH,

Is Treated, of the Excellencie of Divine SCRIPTVRES.

ALSO,

Of
- GOD, His { Attributes. / Plurality of Persons. / Absolute Monarchie.
- ANGELS, { Good, / Bad, } Their Power.
- How the Bad { Fell. / Tempt Man.
- MAN, His { Fall. / Beatitude.

By J: A: RIVERS.

Hæc omnia Liber Vitæ (Continet) & Testamentum Altissimi, & agnitio Veritatis. ECCLES. 44.

LONDON,
Printed by *Thomas Harper*, for *Daniel Frere*, and are to be sold at his Shop, at the Red Bull in Little Brittaine. 1648.

To the Reader.

WHy according to the cuſtome of the preſent, and former ages, I have not dedicated this Poeme to ſome particuler perſon, my motive was, becauſe I am engaged to many, and therefore would pay obligations to many: Toothers though not much knowne yet to their worth, and vertue. I would give a teſtimony, and expreſſe affection, and performe all theſe more then with a ceremonious letter which though in the choiceſt words, are like, at leaſt no more then Trajans *Wall-flowers*, as our Conſtantine *in deriſion of that Emperours too frequent inſcriptions on City wals, gates and bridges, adagis'd: For whereas the former are but Innes of memory, fame, and affection; written volumes, eſpecially in Greek and Latin (if good) are* Mauſoleums, *Pyramids, conſtant habitations and dwelling Palaces for fame love, and gratitude. In adreſſing the Sermons to particular perſonages, I did not think much election was neceſſary, diſtribution of Poems being like ſitting at a round Table, where the placing of the ſalt makes not the upper end of the Board; and great* Auguſtus *by his owne Minions* Virgil *and* Horace, *was often ſaluted after meane Gentlemen of* Rome.

Being for many yeares detained in a miſerable and chargable Priſon, to divert my minde from too ſerious thoughts of publick and private calamities, made me undertake this imployment. The publick griefes were the condition of theſe lamentable times wherin our Nation hath imitated that man of whom Gerſon *the Chancellor of* Paris *makes mention, that ſeeing a flie on his friendes forehead, with an axe (intending to kill the poore ſlie) daſht out his unfortunate friends braines; ſuch have been the cures in Civill and Eccleſiaſticall affaires; both the Church and Commonwealth being more rent, and diſtracted by theſe irreligious, and*

uncivill combuſtions, both made more diſeaſed and Epidemically ſick, by theſe unnaturall, and deſperate remedies.

Private griefes were, that being with diverſe noble Gentlemen for ſix yeares priſoner in a comfortleſſe, and chargable Goale, our meanes of livelihood taken away, our friends impoveriſhed, or altogether undone, by plunderings, ſequeſtrations, compoſitions, and impriſonments: Notwithſtanding, contrary to the Lawes of God, which forbid, Exod. 23. *to boyle the Kid in the milke of the Damme; contrary to the lawes of this Realme, which though ſevere enough, yet provide, that any may freely relieve, and ſupport any perſon of our profeſſion being in priſon: Contrary to the honour of this Nation, to the dignity of this City, the authority of the Sheriffs, to whoſe care and charge, this priſon is by his Majeſty concredited: Contrary to all our hopes and expectations of the ſubjects rights, and liberties, the vindication and aſſertion whereof have by ſo many Vowes, Covenants and Declarations, been promiſed, ſworne and avowed: Finally contrary to all theſe Lawes and Titles, which have and ſhould make Bidentals reverend, and beſtow immunity on them; the efficacie and equity of which Lawes* Mr. Pym *(reputed a great patriot) with ſuch Eulogiums extols, that the ſacred Majeſtie of great Brittaine, (who*

Though now in clouds, yet he ſhall ſhine more bright,
Then petty Comets, that eclipſe his light)

with approbation hath vouchſafed twice to mention them: I ſay notwithſtanding all theſe Lawes titles hopes, and expectations we even in priſon have beene diverſe times plundered, our bookes, though bought publickly, and allowed to bee ſold by authority, as Engliſh Bibles, Engliſh Chronicles, Grammers, Virgils, *and the like, moſt injuriouſly (may not I ſay felloniouſly?) taken from us, and for monies redeemed, againe with the ſame violence and injuſtice retaken by thoſe Harpies of the Common wealth, and for more monies redelivered, though ſome to this day moſt injuſtly*

detained. Our ſlender houſhold-ſtuffe pilfered, our chambers rifled, conſiderable ſummes of money (which ſhou'd have protracted the miſerable life of above forty captivated perſons) ſeaſed on; for want of which, many Gentlemen of birth, & hereto, wee of quality, have been thruſt into the Common Goale, where they, and diverſe others in the other ſeverall wards, have dyed in much want and miſery. We have made our addreſſes, if not for juſtice, yet for compaſſion, but our mediators & preſenters of our petitions (though recti in Curia) were examined, if they were not of our profeſſion; and being threatned as Malignants, have been deterred from further proſecution in our behalfe, and ſo all ſupplications, and expectations have been rendred fruitleſſe.

'Tis one of Senecas *Gnom call, and commended diſtributions, that* Magna pars vitæ elabitur malè agentibus, maxima nihil agentibus, tota aliud agentibus: *By which diviſion (if right) my writing this Poem may be cenſur'd: Howſoever, I may profeſſe ſome part of my ſtudy and care, in the proſecution of it, hath been as to offend no Religion, ſo no Perſon: and therefore my hopes are that no particuler will proclaime himſelfe ſo much faulty, as being not accuſed, he will take exceptions.*

Some faults eſcaped in the printing, may be ſo amended.

Page 1. for ſeald, read ſealed. p. 3. for hiſtory, r hiſtories. p. 7. for ſilly prophane, r. ſince prophaner. p. 10 for living, r lining. p. 12. for weapon. r. weapons p. 24 for know, r. knew. p. 28. for alterations, r. altercations. p. 36. for God, r. good p 57. for before, r. fore. p. 6. for precious ſtones, r. pibble ſtones.

To his honoured Friend, Mr. *Rivers*, Upon his Holy Rhapsodies.

WHo's this? who like the rosy-fingred Morne,
Is thus from Mountaine unto Mountaine borne:
Whose mystick locks charg'd with the drops of nights,
On us below hurle beames inrich't with lights?
Is it that soule, which having Jordan past,
Pure Jordan, made such an ambitious hast
To passe like Israel through the bloody maine,
In hope another Baptisme to obtaine?
It is the same, whose Rhapsodies unfold,
Sweet Raptures, Raptures which in cups of gold,
To us Celestiall Constellations hold.
Would all thus Poetize, who would refuse,
To celebrate the straines of such a Muse?

George Fortescue.

To his honoured Friend, Mr. *Rivers*, upon his excellent Poemes, the Devout Rhapsodies.

MYsterious Rivers, *whose each sacred lyne,*
Shewes that thy Muse is absolute Divine;
And cannot with impurity be stain'd,
Or with obsceane conceptions be prophain'd.
But in Meanders, *holy turnes, and windes,*
Delightfull to thine owne, and Readers mindes.
He that will give thee a deserved praise,
Must crowne thy head with groves, not boughes of bayes.

Iames Yate.

To

To my much honoured and Candid Friend, Mr. *Abbot. alias Rivers*, upon his Devout Rhapsodies.

VVAs thy Quill made oth' towring Eagles wing,
Who soaring in the bosome of his King,
Saw what was done in Heaven? straight she thence descends,
And sings our Churches lot, and state of Fiends.
Thy Poeme speakes all these, which I reade ore,
With wonder and delight, but which was more,
I know not of these two, and dare proclaime,
Who understand it, will commend the same.
Nor doe I envy it, because 'tis thine,
Yet were vowes potent; I could wish it mine.

Ad eund. m Decasticon.

QUale tuum pectus, quæ Musa humana superna,
Dum pariter lustras, Tartareasque domus?
Cælicolas cantat cives, ipsumque sedentem,
In solio Dominum; Terrigenasque Deos.
(Hinc amor invitat justos ad præmia terret,
(Dum legitur) sceleri debita, pœna malos.)
Sed benè cum cantas hæc omnia; sperne quid ausint,
In Librum Rabies invida, tempus redax.
Scilicet hæc Thamesis, resonabunt carmina Ripæ,
Dum placido Thamesis, murmure Lympha fluit.

George Cox.

To

To my worthy, and learned Friend, Mr. *Rivers*, after the reading of his Religious Rhapsodies.

THat thou in noblest straines of Poesie,
Do'st teach the myst'ries of Theologie:
And raiseſt humane ſoules from ſordid earth,
Up to that bleſt place, whence they take their birth.
I leave to thoſe whoſe learned ſpirits know,
How beſt their knowledge, and thy praiſe to ſhow.
And onely saying, I the Work admire,
Wiſh that all thoſe who Chriſtian bayes deſire,
With juſt attention, and cleare ſight would looke,
Each houre, or day, on thy ſweet, myſtick booke:
So they, reform'd by vertue of thy Muſe,
No more ſhall Wit, and Poeſie abuſe.

John Chapperline.

To my deare Friend, Mr. *Rivers*, upon his Rhapſodies.

HOw often write I Verſes? often teare
My Verſes? ſtil imagining they were,
Unworthy thy brave Muſe? begin againe:
And ſearch in every corner of my braine?
Barraine; I bite my Pen; my ſervants rate,
When the fault lies not in them, but my Fate.
Shall I who have ſo many Verſes writ,
In every Theme imployd my active wit;
And having promiſ'd Verſes, not performe
What I have promiſ'd? here againe I ſtorme,
Yet reaſſume my Quill: write: All men know;
That to my noble Friend I Verſes owe:
Proteſt againſt my ſelfe, ſo great's the ſumme,
Of thy due praiſe, my Muſe is banquerout, Dumbe.

H. W.

DEVOVT RHAPSODIES.

To the Right Honourable, *Philip Herbert*, Earle of *Pembroke* and *Montgomerie*; And to the Lord *Philip Herbert* his Son.

Liber Primus.

Sermo Primus.

The Argument.

As branches doe the Roote, Rivers obey
The Ocean, ſmaller lines their tribute pay,
And homage to the Centre, as the Sreames
Shot from the Sun confeſſe themſelves his Beames;
So muſt all Authors, all preſcriptions fall
Vnto the ſcripture as Originall.
Wrangling Philoſophers may boaſt,
The Scriptures only ſpeake the Holy Ghoſt.
Their Schooles decay, what's grounded on our Texts
Shall flouriſh, maugre Gentiliſme, and Sects.

OUr ſacred Volumes are the ſeald ſprings, (things Cant. 4.
Where choiſeſt Nymphs, as they of heavenly
Sing ditties, bath themſelves: from the white (Mount
Of Liban iſſues this perennall Fount,

Which prooves an Ocean where the silly sheepe
St. Aug. May wade securely, yet the same's so deepe,
The Elephant may swim, and if he range
Too far be swallowed in the Gulfe: so strange
And perilous are these streames. Was not a Wave,
Nestorius venturde on Nestorius grave?
And did not Arrius perish in these seas,
Whilst he durst saile midst the profundities.
And wanted a sure Pilot: What Saint Paul
Hath preach'd and writ to instruct and save us all,
2 Pet. 3. Turnes to the ruine of illiterate men,
As they pervert the meaning of his pen.
Who prie too neerely into Majesty,
Prov. 25. Strucke purblinde by the raies of glory die.
'Tis true: Pharphar and Abana are streames
4 Reg. 5. Of Syria; but if leprous Naaman dreames,
Theile cleanse his spots he erres, and must obey
The Prophet, and to Jordan take his way:
There glide the waters which he washing in,
Shall cure his leprousie, and cleanse his skin.
Poems must from this Chrystall Torrent spring,
Else theyle, as did those bitter waters bring
Exod. 15. Diseases to the Drinker. Wanton bookes,
Hurt soules, as did the bodie Maras brookes,
Like dangerous Basiliskes a passage finde
To dart their poyson at the inveigled minde.
What? Are our Rils drunke up? Our fountains dry?
That wee must to such durty puddles fly,
First shall no Tapers grace the spangled heaven,
The rough Alps lye as the smooth Vallies even:
Ere who are conversant in sacred writ,
Shal faile of Themes to exercise their wit.
Are not the Fire, the Aire, the Earth, the Seas,
The Spheres, the Saints, th' Angels above all these,
A still supplying Subject? then to wade
In the Divine Ideas whence God made
Of nothing every thing, and with one word,
Gen. 1. Could existence to all he made afford.

The

The Birth, the Infancy of this Vast Frame,
Increase, decrease, restoring of the same. Psal. 148.
All Sciences of things above, below,
(More then Philosophy did ever know)
Are objects of Gods Booke, and easily yield
To all invention a most spacious field.
Wee grant prophaner Authours have given Rules
Of living well, kept open natures scholes:
But this booke Gentilisme exceedes as far
As the bright Sun at Noone some lesser Star.
Why doe wee study? Wherefore are wee joyn'd
So fiercely in dispute? To adorne the minde
With Truthes, and as the flint and steele conspire
In issuing forth the Element of fire;
By joynt collision, so from much bickerings
In disputation Aletheia springs.
Volve and revolve your Sages Volumes, you
Shall not be certaine one opinion's true
Amongst one hundred. What their Historie?
Patcht up with idle fables and with lies. *St. Austin.*
What's noxious there our Scripture reprehends, *lib. de Doct.*
What's crooked rectifies, what's faulty mends; *Christiana.*
What's good makes better, and you neede not feare
Any report or false position there.
Millions of Lines about this Circle are,
And though they mutually may seeme to square,
And contrary as East to West, the South
To North; yet all meete in the Centre Truth.
What can be thought or writ by any quill,
Is in our Bible specified, and still
New matter drawes the curious Reader on,
And makes the Learned to reflect upon
The sense of deeper Mysteries, as he sees
Heere wondrous actions done: and out of these
Drawes morall applications, and can fly
To Allegorie, and Anagogie.
From the same words and deeds quadripartite,
Senses are fetcht, and every one is right.

Who but the Mother of us all Gods minde
Could in few words such stronge allusions finde?
And then what hee hath in Ænigma's put,
Make curious wits enucleat the Nut?
GOD is a copious Magazin; men are
The dispensatours of his precious ware,
And heeres such plenty that from every clause,
New mysteries the ingenious Reader drawes.
Goe jugling Mountebanks, cry up your toyes
Amongst the Rustiks, Idiots, Girles, and Boyes.
Yee winding Sophisters expose your trash,
Wrangling Philosophers together clash.
Frame Sophismes, Syllogismes, describe, devide,
Bring in essentials to define, decide
By Demonstrations Problemes. What's all this
To what we are made for, everlasting blisse?
Study foure yeeres the ten Predicaments,
Meane while forget the ten Commandements;
What profits Stoicisme? What Plato's wit
To your salvation? What the Stagyrit?
That Cynik Sage expresses, though heele hide
In's Tub, and currish manners far more pride
Then Plato in his Pompe. He who gave rules
To Courtiers, had a Cæsar in his Schooles
Seneca. For a Disciple, found another way
How Princes Gnomically should write and say,
With some Atheistik Documents spoiles all,
Commending such who on their owne swords fall,
St. August. And with a violent Fate themselves deliver,
Laudantur ubi non sunt cruciantur ubi sunt. From paine or shame, for such shall live for ever
In paine, and shame. These wisemen are commended
Wher they are not: but their pains shal nere be ended
Where they are. Lets aske where are their followers
Who to defend their marcid Axioms vow? (now?
Who now adore strict Zeno's Apathie?
Who for smooth Epicure will Champions be?
Where are Diogenes scholers that can scrub,
Sleepe, wake, eate, drinke, live, die; All in one Tub?

Contemned

Contented with a ſcrip, a diſh, a ſtaffe.
More mad themſelves at others madneſſe laugh?
Surely ſuch men have been; and made a ſhew
Of Learning, had Diſciples, and did know
Something indeed, although not much; but what?
Is it Times fault? All almoſt are forgot.
No: time is blameleſſe, for a Baſtard ſproute, Sap. 4.
Though watred much ſeld fixes a deepe roote.
Our Scripture is a more Celeſtiall ſeed,
Not Philoſophik Darnell, or that weed
That growes in one day, in the following fades;
But planted by Gods hand, ſhootes forth, the blades Mat. 13.
Increaſes ſo, that in the branches reſt
Your towring Eagles, and make them their Neſt.
(Our glorious Doctours o're whoſe head a Dove
Hovers, and dictates Lines of Wit and love)
Wit in expounding Myſteries of our Faith,
Love, urging to performe what Scripture ſaith.)
From bough to bough theſe ſoaring Eagles ſpring,
Chanting the Trophees of their ſlaughtred King
Who (by his paſſion worthy made) reveal'd Apoc. 5.
This Sacramentall Volume ſeven times ſeal'd.
For our Lambe butcher'd, ſtreight the Vale was rent,
Which 'twixt the Temple, and the *HOLIEST* went.
The Tables, Aarons Rod, and Manna there Mat. 27.
Reſerv'd, by immolated *IESUS* were Luc. 23.
To be brought forth, the Law more plainely taught, Heb. 9.
Grace freelier giv̄, deeds more prodigious wrought. Num. 17.
Theſe Tables, and what appertains to them (Realme.
Were preach'd, were taught, receiv'd in every
Theſe are the ſilly graines of Muſtard-ſeed,
That taſted once ſuch operations breed. Mat. 13.
Converted Nations, builded Churches, and
Planted ſoule-ſaving faith in every Land.
How is it poſſible poore Fiſhermen
Should convert Nations, erect Temples, then
Leave their Diſciples, who when they were dead,
This ſaving Doctrine every where ſhould ſpread?

Be Trumpets and the Pipes of heavenly grace,
And in all Regions ? *IESVS* Banners place :
Be daily Actors of ſtupendious things,
Maugre all Sects, and perſecuting *KINGS* ?
Firſt do's the Synagogue recalcitrate
Againſt this Progreſſe with inteſtine hate.
But Truth prevailing, the Apoſtles ſhall
Interre her in a glorious Funerall,
And joyntly every Ceremonious Rite
Takes ſweet repoſe in darkeneſſe, but delight.
Then Pagan Keſars dreading th' overthrow
Of their falſe Gods, againſt the true *GOD* ſhew
Their indignation, and with fire and ſword
Purſue, deſtroy Profeſſours of his Word
Exod. 7. Reveal'd, and writ : But as did Aarons Rod
Turn'd to a Serpent by the hand of God,
Devoure the Sorcerers Wands by Magick ſpells,
Alſo made Serpents, yet not tumid ſwells,
So this divinelie-vigorous Muſtard-ſeed
Shall eate up, and hath ſwallowed every weed,
That through the world by Gentiliſme was ſowne,
(Their Doctrines, Phanes, and Idols overthrowne.)
No honours now to Moloch, Camos given,
2 Chron 33. None to Aſtarthe, and the Hoaſts of Heaven.
Their maimed Dagon falls before the Arke,
Jer. 19. Do's Hamon bleate now ? Do's Anubis barke ?
Soph. Paphus and Cyprus no more Venus follow,
No doubtfull anſwers uttred by Apollo.
Theſe have, all Sects ſucceſſively muſt periſh,
Our heavenly ſeede eternally ſhall flouriſh.

To

To the Right Honorable, *William*, Lord *Powis*, and Sir *Percie Herbert* his Son.

Sermo Secundus.

The Argument.

Wee meane to treate of GOD, what ſhall wee take
For Eſſence, and a Definition make?
Can he who no waies will be circumſcrib'de,
By any termes of Learning be deſcrib'de?
Can he be ſpecifide by words of Art?
When thought cannot imagine the leaſt part
Of his perfections. Yet weele ſomething write
From Gods owne Lucid Lanthorne borrowing light, Pſ. 119.
For ſilly prophane Authors Buzzards were,
By this directed, wee our courſe muſt ſteere.

SO ſacred are our Records, no prophane
Hand muſt attempt to touch 'em under pain
Of ſevere chaſtiſement. So Sinais Mount,
Nor man nor beaſt approach when Moſes Exod. 18.
Receives the Law; and the ſame Prophet muſt (on't
Pull off his ſhooes in reverence of that Duſt,
Where God ſhall ſhow himſelfe. He anſwers well, Ib. 3.
Who being commanded by his King to tell
What God was, and deſiring ſtill more dayes
The Queſtion to reſolve, yet ſtill delayes:
Truely confeſſing that the Theſis grew
Harder, and harder, and the leſſe he knew,

The

Theodectes a Tragike Poet. *Aristeas one of the 72 Translators.*

The more he studied. Who writ Tragedies,
For his presumption forfeited his eyes:
And Theopompus lost his health, because
One in his Stories, the other Moses Lawes
Durst bring upon the Stage, both are restor'd
To sight, and health; their fault by both deplor'd.
Yet who are humble with a prosperous gaile
In Cephas ship shall through the Ocean saile,
And in the depths behold Gods Attributes,
How this perfection, that negation sutes,
To expresse some thing of a Diety,
(More then created understandings high)
And character as followes. *GOD'S* a Being,
That ever was, and shall be; a minde seeing,
All in the Mirrour of himselfe, where all
Future things, and possible (though these shall
Nev'r have existence) boast Eternitie,
And in the Godhead all whole sharers be.
GOD every where is present, no where seen,
He filleth the whole world, and had there been
Myriads of worlds, he would them all have rounded,
Himselfe not compast, bounded all not bounded.
Fancy some vast imaginary space,
The Centre, and circumference of that place
Is *GOD*. Imagine thousand vaster, there
GOD must be'e involved the surrounding Sphere:
All intimate to all things, yet all without
All things; though nothing can be, if God be out.
GOD is an Entitie most simple, yet
Millions of discrepant perfections meete,
As Lines Concentrike in this *SIMPLE ONE*,
And without all these weele acknowledge none:
For *GOD*: where all are with a bended knee,
Offer our Vowes to that sole Majestie.
Admire his immutability, the same
Still in himselfe, yet changing still the frame
O'th world with various Motions: Can love, hate,
Be pleas'd, displeas'd, yet still keepes the same state.

A description of God. *GODS Immensity.* *Immutability.*

(Exteriors

(Exteriors only altred.) Stand amaz'd
When mans and Angels thoughts to'th height are rais'd
By'th light of Glory, yet inferiour far
To penetrate what Mines of Treaſures are
Hid in that ſupreme Nature, Power, and Skill
To make ten thouſand worlds, when ere he will, *Omnipoten-*
More beautifull then this, increaſe the ſtore *cy.*
Of Angels numberleſſe, and make 'em more
Glorious beyond eſteeme. Can any Law
Limit his Arme? When this world's but a ſtraw
Compar'd to what he can: turne when he pleaſe
To their firſt Chaos, the Aire, the Land, the Seas.
Diſſolve the Heavens, reduce to'th old Abyſſe,
Of nothing, whence they came, thoſe Bands of his
Owne Court, the Angels, and when this is done,
Be full as happy in himſelfe alone.
For *GOD* did not thoſe glorious ſpirits create
With purpoſe to encreaſe his bleſſed State:
Who was ſo copious, as he was before,
Nor doe their Legions multiply his ſtore.
Repute Earth, Angels, Heavens, but a meere ſtory
To ſpeake a Deities more extenſive glory:
And when he made this ample fabrike, He
For our good would declare a Majeſtie
Ineffable; in all expreſſe a will
Of doing good, a power to doe't, a skill
To doe't in the beſt manner, as much Art
In the production of each ſeverall part,
As of the whole, (an Artiſts skill being waigh'd,
Not after what, but how the worke is made.)
A Childe may be begot, brought forth, and cry,
But without more ſollicitude muſt dye.
Gods Providence his Creatures muſt attend *Divine Pro-*
Elſe were they made to little, or no end. *vidence.*
Soone would this world to the firſt nothing fall,
If wiſdome ſhould not nurſe, and governe all.
The Machine a diſordred Ataxie,
Generall confuſions, and combuſtions be.

What's Provideence? A faire exteriour Robe
Encompaſſing, and covering the whole Globe,
And all things comprehended in't: Beſide
It is the living of the worlds inſide;
Ordaines, rules, acts, for ends peculiar; yet
This Queene do's not her Majeſty forget;
But makes the ſecondarie cauſes know
They are her Agents, and obedience owe
To what ſhe liſts. Could the intenſive heate
Dan.3. O'th flaming Furnace make the children ſweate,
This Providence a while ſuſpending fire
From action maugre the fierce Tyrants ire?
Jos. Did not ſhe make at Joſuahs vowes the teeme
O'th poſting Sun a while ſhoote every beame
From the ſame Zenith, and in lieu of night,
Mortalls ſtand gazing at a Noonedayes light?
This preſcribes Rules, ordaineth Ends, gives Lawes
Conſtant to th' univerſe, makes every cauſe.
Helpe it's aſſociate: Nothing do's in vaine,
But firſt diſpoſing ſweetly without paine
Brings forth what nature would: Yet moſt appeares
Where liberty of action domineeres.
And with ſo deepe a wiſdome enterweaves
Humane affaires, that though ſhe freedome leaves
To ſeverall purpoſes and different ends,
Sap.8. Yet happily effects what ſhe pretends,
Attends to all; yet ſo to every one,
As if ſave that, ſhe notice tooke of none.
To dictate, write, reade, heare, all in one houre,
Made Cæſar wondred at, Origen much more.
This world of creatures Gods eye lookes upon,
Governes, provides for; yet for all as one.
Obſerves as well what's in the Cottage acted.
As what votes are i'th Senate Houſe tranſacted.
Searches intentions, ſearcheth hearts and reines,
Pſal.7. What's done for publique, what for private gaines.
Jer.11. Has admirable fetches. Did not Gods
Providence make Benadad and Jehu Rods

Of

Of Achab, though that an Idolater
Jehu a Jew, yet a falſe worſhipper: Reg. 2 9 10
Theſe ſcourges were of Gods revenging ire,
And vengeance acted, caſt, into the fire.
This lets bad men beare ſwaie ſome Moneths, or Yeares,
And then excited by the cryes and teares
Of the oppreſſed, with a potent hand
Frees a diſtreſſ'd and captivated Land.
So Tribes returne to Paleſtine againe,
And Portugall ſhakes off the yoke of Spaine. Nehem.
How this was done the following lines ſhall ſpeake, Eſdras.
And how mans Arts to Providence are weake.
No end of Taxes, of Exciſes none,
How to get money ſtill is thought upon;
Water exciſ'd, and Spaniſh Lordans are
So greedy, they would taxe even the free Aire.
True Patriots are ſuppreſt, and only they
Advanc'd for Officers, who have the way
To grinde the Land, and out the poore mans throat
Get for Corbona an extorted groat,
Harpies oth' the Commonwealth, who procure hate
To an eaſie King, and coſen King, and State.
All tattred th' other day, Bancrupts, poore Johns,
Now prance it on their foote-clothes, are great Dons:
Theſe are diſperſt through the whole Kingdome, and
Their Arbitrary power for Law muſt ſtand.
They are ſeconded at Court, if any take
Exceptions, are ſo potent, they can make
Him a dangerous Malignant, have him ſent
For up, plagu'd in purſe or impriſonment.
Thus grones poore Portugall, knowes not to whom
She ſhould addreſſe her ſelfe, no helpe from home.
St. Julians Fort is in the Spaniards hands,
All Caſtles kept by Military Bands.
No Lovers of their Countrey weapon beare,
But ſent to Italy, or Flanders, there
A Gods name let 'em fight, the more are ſlaine,
The more firme is the Monarchy of Spaine.

Now steps in Providence, no more quoth she
Of bondage; I will set this Nation free,
And make D' Almeida with the Mello's plot,
And never cease till they have freedome got.
And take that crowne from the third Philips Son,
Philip 2. Which D' *ALVAS* Armes for Prudent Philip won.
Could humane wit or strength? But sole *GOD'S* hand,
And *PROVIDENCE* (that can events command)
So soone, so easily with no losse of blood
Eccles. 10. Redeeme a Kingdome from long servitude?
But wee must know the Kings, and Peoples sin
Translates the Natives, and brings strangers in.
Rog. 4. So Roderigo's fault brought Moores to Spaine,
Edward. 3. Our Britaine by the Saxon, Norman, Dane,
Henry 5. Subdu'd; the French-mens sins for us have fought,
Henry 6. And what but our owne sins fetch't in the Scot?
So when the Conquerours crimes weigh downe the scale,
They make their Vassailes over them prevaile.
When wise, and just men fall, Fooles, Tyrants rise
Eccleiastes. On the heavenly disposition with squint eyes
10. Wee looke, and cry an *ERROUR* of the Prince,
When rightly 'tis a supreme Providence.
Jud. 8. Lets higher goe. Abimelech combin'd
With Sichem, and with Mello, all are joyn'd
To ruine Gedeons house. The Olive Tree,
The Vine, the Fig-tree put off Majesty:
"Tell the Trees plainely; wee'le not lose our ease,
"And for your sakes so much our selves displease.
"Wee shoote, wee spring, wee flourish, bring forth fruite
"Which with the Spring, the Summer, Autumne suite
"Please God, and man: what are great Monarks shares?
"But as their Realmes, so multiply their cares.
Only a Whin, a Bramble will be great,
Takes complacence enthron'd in Royall Seate;
But what's the sequell? Sichemites shall rue
That with their Tyrant Gedeons Race they slewe,
And by such murders chose Abimelek Prince,
Gloried in him: Now steps in Providence.

Which

Which Joathan fortold 'em. God ſhall ſend
From the darke ſhades of hell ſome ſubtile Fiend,
That ſhall the Subjects, and the King divide,
Make them hate his Tyranny, him their pride:
They upbraid him with his Brethrens murther, though
They were aſſociates in the murther: (So
Eager on miſcheife, wee firſt raſhly doe,
At leaſure ſee how foule the fact's, then rue)
He who was raiſed by them, raſes their Walls,
Deſtroyes their Towne, and by a woman falls.
(Heavens not permitting ſuch League ſhould laſt long,
Which for Foundation murther had and wrong.)
Marke Kingdomes, Common-wealths, and private States,
And you'le obſerve not Fortune nor the Fates,
But *GOD S* tranſcendent Providence beare ſway,
And alwayes ſin with ſhame, or ſorrow pay.

As Providence and Power, ſo his ſcience is
His Bounty, Mercy, Juſtice, an Abyſſe
Of infinite Perfections. Weele conceive,
Millions of worlds i'th Divine Eſſence, leave
Nothing which may adde beauty, give delight
To the underſtanding, hearing, and the ſight,
Angels ſurmounting ſands oth' Ocean ſhore,
Of populous Nations a far ampler ſtore,
Then ſhould of Atomes be, had this vaſt Frame
Nothing but diſtinct Atomes in the ſame.
Now, what a pleaſant Viſion wert? If you
Saw all theſe objects in one ſimple view.
Millions of Angels, Men, Beaſts, Plants, rich Stones
All Minerals, heard all Symphonies at once. (taines,
Beheld all Colours, Fields, Woods, Trees, Flowres, Foun-
Oceans, Springs, Rivers, Vallies, Plaines, Rocks, Mountaines,
Numberleſſe Cityes, Hamlets, Caſtles, Courts,
All recreations, all delightfull ſports.

The Beatifical Viſion.

Is there delight in War? the Seige of Troy,
And ſacking oft'? How barbarous Kings deſtroy
Rome, and Jeruſalem: The Punik ſlights
Of Hannibal, Grecian, and Romane fights:

The battailes by our third ſtout Edward fought
Againſt the French, and Flower-de Luces got
To adorne our Scutcheons, the renowned ſtory
O'th Field of Agincourt fift Harries glory,
And what with *BLOUD* not inke ſhould be ſet downe
Our *CIVILL* fights, ſince that at Keinton Towne,
Which ſo much bloud, and many lives have coſt,
That whoſoever was gainer, England loſt:
Had they been well imploy'd, thoſe Legions might
Have ſubdu'd France, regain'd the Electorall Right.
The Romane Triumphs, and Olympian Games,
And what ſoe're Magnificent in Fames
Booke ſtands regiſtred, is, ſhall be, hath been,
Are in Gods Eſſence as a Mirrour ſeen:
And all theſe knowne a thouſand Myriads more
Of objects may be ſeen, and yet the ſtore
Never exhauſted: *GOD* alone muſt be
The Comprehender, of his Infinitie.

GODS Eternity.

Eternally there was duration, though
Nor Yeares, nor Monthes, ſix thouſand yeares agoe,
Nor Dayes, nor Houres, nor minutes did divide
Ages, and Times, and all theſe ſpecifi'd
By the perp tuall motions of the *SUN*,
As he ſhall through his annuall manſions run,
And by the carrying his eternall Light
Make Winter, Summer, Autumne, Spring, day, night.
So when the world ſhall fade, and all theſe ceaſe,
The tired Earth injoy a conſtant peace.
No Plough rip up her Bowels: The Glebe-land
Still unmannured, and untilled ſtand.
No aurigations of the heavenly carres,
No' incertaine motions of the wandring Stars.
Shall not there be *DURATION*? Sure there ſhall,
But ſuch an one as comprehendeth all
Ages, and Times, the preſent, future, paſt,
And all theſe vaniſh'd evermore ſhall laſt,
And is the ſame with God. This never had
Beginning, never ſhall have end. This made

When it pleas'd him the univerſe: Wee know
How long 'tis ſince he made it: If wee goe
FVRTHER that *FVRTHER* is Eternity,
And will not meaſur'd, but admired be.
For who conceives ſome thouſand Centuries
Of ages paſt, and againe multiplies
The ſame millions, and millions more of time,
Yet cannot this grand Calculator climbe,
Although perpetually he multiply
Unto the Top of *GODS* eternity.
Who only can his owne *DVRATION* tell,
Above created thoughts ineffible.
These glorious Attributes, and Idioms ſhew
A mighty *GOD*, come wee to things below.
As he converſes with the ſons of men,
Beſtowes his gifts, beares with their manners, then
Greater amazement will ariſe to ſee
His Bounty, Mercy, Longanimity;
But weele defer to inſiſt upon this Text,
And with Devotion proſecute the next.

To

To the Honorable, my moſt honored Friends, the Lady *Francis Nevil*: And Miſtriſſe *Margaret Brooke* her Daughter.

Sermo Tertius.

The Argument.

Wee ſing the Notions of the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghoſt, iſſuing from both; yet ONE
With BOTH: One individed Eſſence: Three
Perſons by relative Pluralitie:
Man is Gods Image, and do's repreſent
Gen. 1. *This Ternall One, and the unconfinde extent*
Of the whole Macrocoſme; yet never ſhall
Be happy till he gaine this ONE, this ALL.

SHall he from whoſe redundant Plenitude
Wee all receive, Being, Grace, Beatitude.
Who fills the Ocean with innumerous ſpawnes,
Repleniſhes the Deſarts, and the Lawnes,
With ſtocke of Cattell, dayly do's repaire
With yong ones the inhabitants of the Aire.
Eſay. 66. Can ſuch a God be barren? No, a ſire
Iſſuing a Son ſhall with that Son conſpire
To breath the Holy Ghoſt, and all theſe three
Equall in glory and in Majeſty.
Ethinks acknowledg'd, though with much adoe
One God, but knew not what belonged to

A TRIAD what is Divine *GENERATION*,
What is *PROCESSION*, what active *SPIRATION*.
The *FATHER* needs muſt get a *SON*, and then,
That *FATHER* and that *SON* give Origen
To the Holy Ghoſt; the firſt Two cannot be,
Vnleſſe they make their Number Ternary:
For Love which gives all Creatures birth and growth,
Before all Creatures had his birth from Both:
(Father on Son the Son on Him reflecting,
And with a mutuall Complacence affecting)
The Synagogue of this had ſhaddows; but
Their Lanthorne was under a Buſhell put: Matth. 5.
And the Hebrew Rites, and Books Enigma's are, Luke 11.
They explaine not Truths, but poynt at from a far;
The Law in meaſure, above meaſure Grace,
When that once paſt, this other comes in place. *S. Ambroſe.*
That Lambe, that Lampe of the Cæleſtiall Towne,
Shall leave his royall Throne, and comming downe,
Enucleat Myſteries, preach a Godhead, three
In Notions, yet a pure Identitie.
Who comprehends himſelfe, could onely tell,
GODS immanent Acts, that are ineffable.

O thou Eternall Son, and Word, who far,
(Ith' raies of Saints) before the morning Star Pſal. 109.
Wert got, and ſpoke; let's through all Ages break,
And ſearch, when GOD did thee beget, and ſpeake;
For both are One, GOD did no more afford,
To give thee birth, then uttering of a Word.
Lets ſearch a hundreth thouſand Ages moe,
Yet ſhall we not thy Birth, and utterance know.
If we thy Father queſtion, heele reply,
My Son is both ſo old, and young as I.
When he was got, as no time can deſigne,
So when he was not got, no time define.
Yet of his Origen, you truly may,
Affirme he is begetting every day: Pſal. 2.
And through Eternity all Ages paſt,
Shall this continued Generation laſt.

A *SON* of's *FATHER* independant, Heat
As th'e *ORIGEN*, whence tis deriv'd so great.
True *GENERATIONS* yet devoid of Motions,
Reall relations, yet no more then Notions.
As the Vast Ocean that surrounds the Earth,
Though it give *RIVERS* springs and Brookes their Birth,
Euphrates, Volga, Quahu, Nile, our Thame,
Yet never wanteth but runs stil the same.
As thankfullie all these Returne againe
And disembogue themselves into the Maine.
The *FATHER* never wants, although the *SON*
Has all he hath: nor are these *TWO* undone,
Nor the least jot of all their Treasure lost
Though al's be crowde upon the holy Gost.
For though they mutuallie give all their store
Yet give they so, that they can stil give more.
I magine some Eternall Spring, or Mine
Whence Purest Gold is digd, flowes richest wine,
And yo'ule conceive some glimsies that come nigh
To shadowe this stil Bounteous Trinitie.
Not Trimegistus or the Stagyrit,
S. Th. 1. p. q. 32. Not any Stoik, or Platonik wit,
Though Monas Monadem begat, can tell
How this Fecunditie, yet no wombes swell,
Arises, how one can give all his store
Yet never be exhausted, never poore.
Such science is a more peculiar grace,
Granted to none o'th Philosophike race,
And who will have this *TRIAD* for his booke
Must with *FAITHS* candle on the volume looke,
Though none can understand each page aright
Who has not for his Flame-bew Glories light.
Merchants, who travell to the rising *SVN*,
And view his setting when the day is done
In neither of the Worlds can fulnes finde,
For though they fill their purses, yet their minde
Is emptie still, and still they covet more,
And are amidst their heapes of Riches pore.

The Macedonian youth contented not
Himſelfe with the whole World his ſword had got.
The Reaſon: all things here confined are
Within their Modell, inſufficient far
To ſatisfie mans *APPETITE* ordain'd,
Not to be ſatisfi'd till *GOD* be gaind.
The Spherik Figure no waye can ſuffice,
To equall what is made *TRIANGLE* wiſe.
Lay one upon another, you ſhall ſee
All waies ſome corners will unfurniſh'd be.
When the Worlds maker made mans Soule, the ſame
Triangular did the beſt Worke-man frame
To repreſent his matchles ſelf and be
The Image of one *GOD* in Perſons three;
Ordaining him to love, to honour, ſerve
His *GOD*, who for ſuch ſervice do's reſerve
A Crowne, and place in Heaven; where he ſhall ſee
The *TRIADS* order, and how all things be
Deriv'd from thence. Nor can there ought be found
In this low Orbe, that's Spherical, and round,
May ſatisfie our Soules; nor can wee reſt
In Creatures, who are ordred to be bleſt
By his fruition, who to Creatures gave
That exiſtence, and eſſence which they have.
Sol'e *GODS* proportion'd to our Soules, and till
GOD be injoid, wee nere ſhall have our fill,
Unles wee feed on this Celeſtiall meate,
Wee ſtill ſhall hunger, ſtill deſire to eate.
Creatures obſerve that order, keepe that ſtate,
Which *GOD* appoints: Sole *MAN'S* retrogradate.
Behold the wandring Planets, and fix't ſtars
Are Conſtant in the motion of their Cars,
And as they approach, or goe from ſeverall ſeates
Cauſe winters nipping froſts, and Summer heates.
Make buds and bloſſomes ſprout fourth in the Spring,
And in the Autumne to perfection bring.
See how the Simple Elements Combine
And in the making of mixt Bodies ioyne.

The Fire, the Ayre, the Water, that ſurrounds
The Earth: how all obſerve their proper bounds,
And very bounteouſly themſelves beſtow,
On all things that have ſenſe, or move, or grow.
Suppoſe (what will not be) ſome glorious light,
(The Sun or Moone) ſhould fall from Heaven, or quite
Extinguiſhed be: ſuppoſe Gods arme ſhould take
This World, and of't the Priſtine Chaos make;
Involving in the ſame calamity,
The old, the middle aged, and the Frie.
Here death gives reſt to Beaſts, to Fiſh, to Foule,
All paine expiring with the fleeting Soule:
And though here's ſome inverſion of that end,
Which Nature in Creation did pretend:
Yet tis no more then if ſome Clowne ſhould grub,
Or cut a plant up, but as yet a ſhrub;
Or a young Partridge caught ith' Fowlers net,
Or by the Hawke devour'd Pin-fether'd yet.
But different far is Mans accurſed ſtate,
If by tranſgreſſion he prevaricate:
For if in proſecution he ſhall erre,
Sulphurean Flames that firſt prepared were
For the Infernall Fiends muſt be his hire,
And with condemned Ghoſts, eternall fire.
Matth. 26. Better he had nere been borne, then be borne ſo,
As dying, he muſt live in endleſſe woe:
For not as ſoules of Birds and Beaſts, Mans minde,
Shall with the body diſſolution finde;
But when chance, age, or ſickneſſe break the tye,
Twixt Body and the Soule, this laſt ſhall flye
(Supported by the wings of heavenly love)
To thoſe magnifique Pallaces above,
Apoc. 4. Where Saints and Angels with much blitheneſſe ſing,
The Trophees of the ſlaughtered Lambe, and bring
Their Anadems of Glory (as tis meet)
Offering them, and themſelves at *IESVS* feet.
Who with the treaſure of his precious blood,
Purchaſt his Courtiers ſuch Beatitude.

Or

Or else the Soule poysde with transacted faults,
Shall streight descend to subterranean Vaults;
Where horrour with pale desperation dwell,
And damned Ghosts eternally shall yell.
'Twould be some ease if thousand myriads past,
Of yeares, Hels torments should have end at last,
But they'le endure so long as GOD shall be,
And one way equalize eternity.
O thou all-potent Trinity, whose hand,
First made, then polisht Fire, Aire, Water, Land:
Prescribdst to all their duty, and their end,
Which they without reluctancie attend,
And gaine; Illuminate our souls to know,
Wherefore thou mad'st us, whether we should goe;
To heaven our journey is, direct our wayes,
To that blest Land; there crowne us with thy rayes
Of glory; who made by, and after thee,
Without thy selfe shall nev'r contented be.

To the Honorable, *William Savile*, Baronet, my Godson. *Edward Atsloe*, *John Church*, Esquires.

Sermo Quartus.

The Argument.

Wee sing what power bad Angels have, and how
All causes, and their consequents they knowe,
Are incorporeall, and with winged speed
Act what they will, but not their bounds exceed.
Wee sing unhappie mans corrupted state,
How more then Beasts he do's degenerate.

Gen. 1. THe World being finish't God amazed stood,
And with much complacence pronounc'd all's good:
If all be good, how come ill Angels then (So noxious, yet so conversant with men?)
If they are ill, why are they left to roame
Abroad, why are they not confin'd to home
In Hell? why did they not when they lost grace,
Forfeite as well their Energye as place?
In Heaven? they can doe wonders, have a power
As great as Sions courtier's, some have more.
What from the rising of the Radiant sune,
1. Reg. 5. 14. Till in the Occident his race be run
Is acted, they see clearely, can without
Passing through Medium's scu'd the World about
In twinckling of an eye; at distance can
Mountaines oreturne, destroye, or tempt a man.

Loca-

Locall Dimenſions limit not their ſphere
Of action, where they operate they are there.
And though theſe Devils can the Sun as ſoone
Snuf in a lanthorne, as deduce the Moone
Downe from it's Manſion; yet they are petty Kings
In the airie Region, and ore earthly things
Can domineere, although not reach ſo farre
As is the Manſion of the loweſt Starre,
All Theorie, and Practike arts they knowe,
Natures abſtruſer ſecrets, no plants growe,
But they their Virtues ken, and can apply
Actives on Paſſives to bring miſerie
And witchcrafts upon man, and as if wee
Framde of Ambition, envie, enmitie,
Were not ſufficient Devills to our ſelves,
Wee muſt have ayde from theſe Infernall Elves
In our malitious plots, and for the hire
Damne our owne ſoules to their eternall fire.
And as wee ſhare in their Iniquitie,
So in their puniſhment aſſociates be.
And ſuch muſt of neceſſity be ill,
Who once deprav'd can never change their will,
Never retract an Error, nor repent
What once (apprehended good) they durſt attempt.
Speake more Celeſtiall Muſes, what's the cauſe
Of ſo much pervicacie againſt the Lawes
Of humane ſence, how fell the Angels downe
Why did they forfeit that Perennall Crowne
Due to integrity and (Virgins) knowe
The knowledge of ſuch Cronicles you owe
To Sacred Hiſtoryes? how Balthaſar,
And Nemroths Babylon ſurprized are,
And the Aſſyrian Monarchie caſt downe
The Medes and Perſians ſhare the Imperiall Crowne,
How Tomyris the warlicke Scythian Queene
Amidſt her thickeſt Troopes in Armour ſeene,
Acts dire Revenge, and having firſt made drunke
The Perſian Brigades, drenches the cold trunck

Epiſt. 6.

Of slaughtered *Cyrus* in a tub of gore,
Bidding him quaffe his fill, who evermore
Had thirsted blood; how like the flashing fire,
Of angry Heaven, when Heaven and Earth conspire
To raise a tempest, *Alexander* flies,
And shewes the World his glorious Victories;
How by death conquered, he who conquer'd all,
Must in the midst of all his Trophies fall;
Many great *Homers* (*Alexanders* Vow)
Inrich you with such Histories, and how,
Cæsar amidst and by perfidious friends,
I'th Capitall his life, not glory ends.
The sad disasters of these Monarchies,
With the addition of ten thousand lyes,
Of the Assyrian, Greek, Odrysian Lords,
Innumerous Stories, numberlesse Records
Speak amply: many Birds first reassume,
Onely their proper Feathers, then unplume,
The Roman Eagle, till great *Mahomet*,
As he did *Constantines* Bizantium get,
Wrung off one neck, and in that Empire plac'd
The beauty of our Towring Bird defac'd.
But of the reall grounds, why these States fall,
Why th'other rise, no mention's made at all;
Nor once remembred what condition they
Be of, who are chiefe Actors in this Play
Of blood, and death, where a Muse buskind sings
With teares the Fates of Common-wealths, and Kings.
The Gentile Sages by experience see,
But know not whence proceeds our Miserie:
They never know with what industrious Arts,
The Devils in our Drames act chiefest parts.
Why Man doth with the Spiders Cobwebs spin,
And one net wrought, unsatisfied begin
A fresher web, why with the Ante take paines,
With such sollicitude for sordid gaines.
Why thrust the Badger with the Foxes slight
Out his owne Hole, why with the Lyons might

Invade

Invade the weaker; why made Lord of all
The Univerſe, does he degenerate fall
So low beneath himſelfe, and far inferiour
In ſence to many Beaſts, to all ſuperiour
In brutiſh qualities, exceeds the Hog
In drunkenneſſe, more fawning then the Dog,
When profit ſhall accrue, in rage outgoes
The Hircanian Tygres, when aſſayl'd by foes,
Shee ſaves her young ones, and with teeth and nayles
Againſt a world of combatants prevailes;
Prouder then the Horſe, when in his bravery,
He ſhall attract every beholders eye
To marke him onely, as with ſtately grace,
Through the ſtreets richly hanged he ſhall pace.
As here the Gentiles all are ſilent, wee
Should ſit amaz'd, and with them ſilent be;
Wholy transformed, knowing our God all good,
Diſpute, how with ſuch bounty it hath ſtood,
To ſuffer his chiefe creature, Man to fall,
In ſuch diſorders, and permit in all
So generall a confuſion, when behold,
Onely our writs the Origen unfold
Of all theſe miſcheifes, taught by them weele ſpeake
The cauſes: and through many ages breake
Boldly our paſſage ope, beginning long
Before the Univerſe began a Song.

To the right Honorable, *John Faulet*, Marqueſſe of Wincheſter, the Lady *Honoria*, The beſt Example of her Sex, His Marchiones; and the Honorable, *Walter Mountague.*

Sermo Quintus.

The Argument.

What ruind Angels? a tranſcendent pride?
Or envy? Becauſe Man was Deifide.
Proud Lucifer *turn'd Traytor animates*
His fellow Angels to be aſſociates
In the Rebellion: Michael *with the bands,*
Of Loyall Subjects for GOD'S title ſtands:
The Traytors loſe the day, Grace, glories Crowne,
(They might have gain'd) to th' depths of Hell caſt downe.

THe Devill nere was glutton; never ſoild,
With amorous embraces; never toild
with drink: no purſer by the high way ſide,
Never for Murder at the Seſſions tride.
(Nor could he faile ſo, ſuch concupiſcence
Following corporeall faculties and ſenſe.)
(Yet has he perpetrated all theſe crimes,
By proxie, above a hundred thouſand times)
How fell the Devill then? how loſt his place,
And ſhare 'oth Deity, Celeſtiall grace.

Aug. de civit. Dei, lib 14. Cap. 3.

How

How did the ſearcher of all intrailes finde,
Iniquity in ſo ſublime a minde?
What horrid act hath his everſion wrought? Pſal. 3.
Ruine on him? on Us deſtruction brought, Iob 4.
(For he having limpt himſelfe, made *Adam* halt,
Whence iſſued our hereditary fault.)
Was *Lucifer* a Peacock? when he ſpide Gen. 3.
His ſpecious plumes, with a ſelfe-pleaſing pride,
Tooke he fond complacence in gifts beſtowde,
And with thoſe gifts rebeld againſt his God,
Who gave 'em? did he glorying in his ſtate,
Aſpire to be with God coequall Mate?
With ſoaring wings why would he northward flye,
And independant be as the moſt high?
Or did not envy taigne? that God ſhould ſleight, 1 Sam. 14.
The Angelike Eſſence, and himſelfe unite
To our weak ſubſtance, by a wondrous tye,
Including in one Man the Deity,
And humane Nature: this makes Traytors riſe
In armes 'gainſt their Creator; envies eyes
Are ſo malignant, that anothers good,
Like daggers ſtrikes to th' heart, and fetches blood.
'What quoth th' aſpiring Angell, ſhall this ſlime
'Oth earth, this worme in plenitude of tyme,
'Grac'd with the union Hypoſtaticall,
'Be Deified? have Empire over all.
'Muſt Angels ſo accompliſhed with grace,
'In Entity ſo perfect give him place?
'Be ſlaves, and as obſequious Vaſſals ſtand,
'To know, then execute what heele command?
'If God cannot his bounties better ſhare,
'Weele learne him Order, teach him who we are:
'If needs he will his gifts, and ſelfe diffuſe
'In Donatives, let him election uſe:
'Wherefore you (Legions) ayde me, and weele make,
'This partiall God recall his purpoſe, take
'Our Nature, where you all ſhall ſharers be,
'And fellowes with me in the Deity.

To the right Honorable, *John Paulet*, Marquesse of Winchester, the Lady *Honoria*, The best Example of her Sex, His Marchiones; and the Honorable, *Walter Mountague.*

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The Argument.

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Or envy? Because Man was Deifide.
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(Nor could he faile so, such concupiscence
Following corporeall faculties and sense.)
(Yet has he perpetrated all these crimes,
By proxie, above a hundred thousand times)
How fell the Devill then? how lost his place,
And share 'oth Deity, Cœlestiall grace.

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'This partiall God recall his purpoſe, take
'Our Nature, where you all ſhall ſharers be,
'And fellowes with me in the Deity.

As in a Leguer, where diſtracted mindes,
Revolt againſt their Generall, Treaſon findes,
New complices to act a drirle plot;
So now ſeditious *Lucifer* ha's got
Whole multitudes to ſecond what he ſaith,
As Impious Angels violate their faith,
Turne to a Creature their chiefe leader, and
Amazed at his eminencies ſtand:
For Lucifer had ſuch ſimilitude
With God, that he, next him was the firſt good.
No Cedar in Mount Libanus ſo tall,
Ezech. 31. No Beech as hee: he far ſurmounted all;
Iob 40. Great his indowments, ſpecious were his raies,
And he ſtild juſtly, Firſt of all Gods wayes,
Allured with ſuch parts, the inferiour ſtars
Forſake their ſtations, denounce open Wars
Apoc. 12. Againſt their Maker. Now the ſignal's given,
Of a great battaile to be fought in Heaven.
For *Michael* and his friends oppoſe themſelves,
In Squadrons rangde againſt the haughty Elves:
The loyalty of Subjects now is tryde,
As they take part on *Michaels* and Gods ſide:
In what manner the good and bad Angels fought in heaven. Who ſtands impartiall a ſpectator by,
To ſee theſe Combatants for maiſtery try.
No party brought to th' field, or ſwords or bils,
But ſerious alterations of their Wils:
Neither did they with a Stentorean voice,
On any part plead rights; but without noice
Ioyn'd the Batalia's: No loud clamors there,
How the Angels expreſſe themſelves one to another. Let the left Wing advance, bring up the Rere:
But what they would have either friend or foe,
Should underſtand, their Wils did make 'em know:
Yet Drums and Trumpets were the harmonious Spheres,
Still ecchoing terror in the Rebels eares:
When they reflect how thoſe, though ſenſleſſe ſtand,
In order, when theſe ſpurne at Gods command.
That fight was famous in Pharſalia field,
Where the Patritians, and their *Pompey* yeild

To *Ceſars* conquering Legions, and one day,
Makes Rome, and the whole world the Victors pray:
So was that Nanmachie by the Actian ſhore,
Where *Anthony* purſues his flying Whore;
And great *Octavian* all the Empire gets,
Where the Sun firſt appeares, and where he ſets.
The whole Worlds Soveraignty, being ſet at ſtake,
Did theſe encounters ſo conſpicuous make.
But in this Battaile fought on Sions plaine,
Where the falſe Angels loſe, the loyall gaine
The day: what ever is above the skies,
Even Gods command muſt be the Victors prize.
The Armies ordered, and in mutuall view,
The grand Commander of the Traytruos crue
Himſelfe advances, and at every ſtraine,
Preſents Goliah, or fierce *Tamerlaine*.
Blaſphemes and curſes Gods ſelected band,
But as (if ſuch compariſons may ſtand)
A thick neck'd Bull made Captaine of the Herd,
And for his ſtrength, of all the Forreſt fear'd;
Meeting ſome ſtately Lyon at a ſpring,
Diſdaines to pay due homage to his King:
But ventilating oft his hornes ith' ayre,
He and his Flock themſelves to fight prepare;
When the ſtout Lyon backed by his friends,
The conflict preſently begins and ends:
As furiouſly upon the Bull he goes:
And, maugre his great ſtrength, caſts in the cloſe.
Then on the proſtrate neck, ſetting his foot,
With a diſdainfull paw puls out his throat:
The reſt, as they behold their Leader dye,
With the diſaſter all appalled flye.
In the ſame manner *Michael* putting on
His truſty Armour: Vindication
Of Gods ſupremacy, a two edg'd Sword,
Strongly compos'd of Gods revealed Word: Epheſ. 6.
Iuſtice his breſt-plate, and of Faith the ſhield;
A belt of Verity: his helmet ſteel'd

With safety. Armed thus against his foe,
Reg. 17. He marches, and as *David* with one blow
Defeats the Elfe: then trampling on his head,
This ovant speech in following manner said:
'Who like to God? who from the abysse of nought,
'First made thee, then to this perfection brought?
'Ingratefull wretch to thy Creators grace,
'Unworthy such endowments, and cheife place.
Matth. 20. 'Was thy eye evill because God was good?
'Or didst thou surfeit with much plenitude?
'What is, is his; and must he come so low
'Beneath himselfe, that when he will bestow
'His favours, he must aske his creatures what
'He shall bestow? whether on this or that
'Person, or nature? he can best dispence,
'Who knowes what's given is but benevolence:
'Great were thy eminencies: did we repine
'At dignities conferd on thee, and thine?
'We knew, and so shouldst thou, that he who gave
'Such gifts, knew well what every one should have,
'And in what measure, neither thou, nor I,
'Can limit or inlarge his liberality.
'False Impe, who wouldst have Empire over all,
'To the lowest pit thou shalt dejected fall:
'Can nothing please thee but thy Makers Crowne?
'To Hell with thy associates tumble downe.
As when the heavens, the ayre, the winds conspire
With horrid thunder, and with flashing fire,
To terrifie the world, and make us thinke,
Our sins had fild Gods cup even to the brinke,
And the Universe must end: Midst all these tones
Of angry Heaven, innumerable stones,
Of haile fall downe, and with their fragour make,
The Machin of the frighted World to shake.
Such was the Angels precipice from Heaven,
When glorious *Michael* had his sentence given.
For *Lucifer*, who made the Angels faile,
Apoc. 12. As he fell h eadng, dragd downe with his tayle,

The

The stars third part (when men of high estate
Decline, the ruine ends not in their Fate.)
But as some potent Lording, who hath wrought
Treason against his Soveraigne Prince, and sought
To murder or depose him, for which ends,
Conspiring with his Vassals, and his Friends;
He traiterously takes armes, but in the field,
Is vanquisht by his King, compeld to yeild.
Brought to a tryall, all receive their doome,
But differently; some from their native home,
Banisht; some forfeit life, some goods and land,
So did the case with the damn'd Angels stand,
Some are confinde 'ith spatious ayre to dwell,
Others on the earth, and seas; yet all in Hell.
For they still beare about the load of sin:
Fire in the apprehension, tortur'd minds within.
And we might see, had we spirituall eyes,
How innumerous Devils, Atome-like and Flies
In a hot summers day, hop up and downe,
Ith'ayre or'e every City, Village, Towne.
Soaring like Hawkes, with Vultures mawes and eyes,
And when 'tis sprung, source downe upon their prize.
Then let us know that as they towre so high,
They easily, viewing, with advantage flye,
And seaze upon their pray. (Whats poore mans state,
Continually exposed to their hate?)

But that grand Traytor, *Lucifer*, whats done
With him? doe not the conquerors sit upon
The manner of his chastisement? who lead
The dance in this Rebellion, was the head
Plotter, and actor in the treason, shall
Be more severely punisht then all
The minor Devils; and one clause they adde
Toth' rest of's torments, that makes him stark mad:
Namely, that he who would so high have flowne,
With wings of pride, even to Jehovahs throne,
In a deep dungeon, shut eternally,
Shall a confined slave and prisoner lye.

Petrei in Dan. *Hæc omnium Doctorum opinio est, quod Aër ille, qui Cælum, & terram medius dividens, inane Vocatur, plenus sit contrariis fortitudinibus.*
S. Hierom in Cap. 6. Ep. ad Eph.

A hole his goale furtheſt from Heaven to ſhow,
That as tranſgreſſions ſo muſt pennance goe.
The other Fiends have the vaſt Ayre and Seas,
And land to range in whenſoere they pleaſe:
But their great Monarck muſt in fetters tyde,
In loweſt Hell perpetully abide.
And this was the firſt priſon made for ſin,
A patterne to torment Delinquents in:
Yet no confinements, Fetters, Bolts, and Gives,
Can make the damned wretches mend their lives.
Sure the ſtrange quallities of *Alpheus* ſtreames,
Are idle Poets or Hiſtorians dreames.
How he though difimboguing in the Maine,
Yet midſt the brine his ſweetneſſe can retaine;
Debt, and tranſgreſſion are conducent gins,
To Priſons, Priſons Colledges of ſins.
The noble Sciences profeſt, and chiefe
Arts taught, are of the Drunkard, Whore and Thiefe,
Who were in knavery Freſhmen, comming here,
Shall proceed learned Graduats in one yeare.
Behold the Gallies, and a Priſon view,
And they ſhall fully repreſent to you
What's done in Hell; blaſpheming every where,
Continuall torments, yet they curſe and ſweare
Amidſt thoſe torments: Boat-ſwaines, Goalers are,
The Furies that torment 'em and their fare,
Bisket, Tobacco; trickling teares muſt ſerve
To make their meat go downe: elſe let 'em ſtarve,
What then? too many care no more when halfe
Are ſtarv'd then Butchers when they kill a Calfe.
A Priſon's like the cruell Martichore,
Or Hell it ſelfe, ſtill ſeeking to devour,
It's alwayes taking, the leaſt favour muſt
Be dearely bought, nor can you goe on truſt.
Sweat, labour for ſome Goalers, a good turne,
Is never thought of in the following morne,
Beſt curteſi's done to them are but their due,
And what's their Office muſt be ſold to you:

French impoſts, Spaniſh taxes are not hard,
If to th' exactions of a Goale compar'd.
Yet heavens forbid all Keepers ſhould be ſuch,
I know ſome gently bred, who will not grutch
To doe a favour gratis, know the ſame
Fortune that oretakes others, is not lame,
But may oretake themſelves, and they may be,
Their fellow-priſoners in Captivity:
Know what a ſin it is, to boyle the lambe, Exod. 23.
Ith' milke and ſight of the afflicted damme,
And therefore ſcorne to add freſh woes to woe,
(Onely ignoble, Beares and Wolves do ſo.)
They uuderſtand al gaines theſe Vultures take
From undone men cannot them wealthy make,
No more then did that ſilver *Judas* good,
Which he had purchas'd with his Maiſters blood.
The poore are Chriſt himſelfe, and what is got,
Over the Devils ſhoulders needs muſt rot
Under the belly of his Damme (as teares,
And Priſoners clamours penetrate Gods eares.)
Theſe keep not Goales as *Charon* kept his Boat,
To crave for every paſſenger a groat,
Nor (gentle ſoules) wil they, or curſe, or raile,
If any in their bounty ſometimes faile.
May ſuch (and priſoners votes are potent) be Exod. 23.
Fellowes with *Peter* in Eternity. Exod. 2.
(Turn-keys beſt patterne) who with little ſtate, Jud 2.
But much humanity will ope Heavens gate Pſa. 79.
Toth' pooreſt ſoule, that clenſed from his ſin,
Or knocks, or rings, craving admiſſion in.
No miſchiefe on ſuch Keepers ever fall,
But let 'em have his lot who kept Saint *Paul*:
No priſoners ſcaping from 'em run away,
Much courteſie with much injuſtice pay. Act. 29. 16.
Free from the Bondmans heaven-aſcending curſe,
May they dye rich in credit, rich in purſe.
As the Egyptian Midwifes, let their race,
And they thrive here, and have in Heaven a place. Exod. 1.

Yet thrice bleſt Rome, who in the ſeven Kings times,
And Tribunes rule, wert ſo devoyd of crimes,
That one pore Goale ſufficed to detaine,
All Malefactors, but as *Scipio's* gaine,
Aſia, and Africa, *Emilius* Greece,
And all returne rich *Iaſons* with the fleece
Of gold, then as thy ſins and Towne increaſe
New Goales are made, and Juſtices of Peace.
How art thou ſpotted, with what tincture di'de,
Of ſins proud *London*? which ſo loud have cri'd
To Heaven for vengeance, that in every ſtreet,
New priſons muſt be made; the Gatehouſe, Fleet,
Newgate, and Ludgate, and a hundreth more,
Not large enough for murderer, thiefe, and whore;
But ſo increaſes the Malignant trade,
That Courts and Pallaces are priſons made.
O inauſpitious Stars to live and die
In torments worſe then thoſe of *Gregory*.
There miſeries end with our exhaled breaths,
Continued priſons are continued deaths:
A priſon's like *Veſtas* deflowred Nun,
Ram'd in the grave before his thread be ſpun.
Yet heavens are gentle, and permit this curſe,
To fall on ſome, to keep 'em from a worſe.

To

To the right Honorable, *Henry Parker*, Lord Morlie, and Mount-Eagle, *William Habington* Eſquire, and Miſtris *Lucie Habington.*

Sermo Sextus.

The Argument.

What undiſcovered pathes the Serpent treades,
With what ſlye Engines, and darke wayes he leades
Mankinde to errour? with what ſubtiltie,
Invites he us to our owne miſerie.
The Fowler and the Fiſher-man may gaine,
Arts of deceipt from his more ſubtile braine.
Eve *poyſons* Adam, *and by his ſad fall,*
Conveyes pernicious venome to us all.
The foliſh Woman, and her female ſeed,
Tax'd worthily for this accurſed deed.

WHy does the Spouſe in a Cygnean ſong,
Deſcant ſo dolefully of the great wrong
Her Brethren do her, and of batrailes fought,
And ſtratagems wherein her life is ſought;
Who are theſe barbarous Brethren ſo unkind?
Legions of evill Angels in Gods mind,
Our generall Mother, who, Idea'de there,
Were form'd, then fell, and after ſuffered were

Cant. 1. *Pugnaverunt contra me Filij matris meæ.*

To range abroad; these tempt, solicite Man,
And doe him all the injuries they can,
(Thinking erroneously tis some reliefe,
To have companions in their endlesse griefe,)
As Meagre envy made 'em first to fall,
So the same fury domineeres in all
Psal. 109. Their actions: knowing man must weare that Crowne,
Apoc. 12. And fill those thrones from which they tumbled downe:
ib. 11. Knowing how no coinquinated thing,
Shall see the face of Sions glorious King.
At every step, and place they set their gins,
To intrap the passengers in snares of sins.
All creatures of the world are traps and nets,
Which to catch fooles the cunning Devill sets:
And Satan having long converst with man,
Is in his Volume deeply read, and can
Comply with all his appetites; invert
The order of his intellect; divert
Affections rightly plac't; perswade him choose
Evil cloth'd in the shape of God, re'use
Virtue look'd on, not in her proper guize,
But form'd by Fancy, or our carnall eyes:
For the grand workman of this earthly mole,
When in our body he infuside the soule,
He made the Intellect, Will, memory,
A true resemblance of the Trinity.
As they have power to issue severall,
Most distinct operations; yet they all
Are one, and the same soule; and though we name
Them diversly, yet they are all the same.
The soule as some great Queene of many lands,
All the corporeal faculties commands;
And though she seeme to rule by Deputy,
Yet in all acts 'tis shee, and onely shee,
VVho records onely understands, wils onely, hoords
Onely in her vast Magazin records,
The species of things present, past, to come,
And when shee will remember, to that roome,

Makes

Makes her recourſe. Theſe ſpecies Satan can
Stir up, when he intends to tempt a man,
Objects of riches, pleaſure, and the height
Of honour; and propoſe with ſuch delight, Ioh. Ep.
That the Intellect obſcured by the Will,
Shews in falſe glaſſes good, that which is ill:
Then ſenſe, will, underſtanding headlong run,
Into tranſgreſſion, and are all undone.
The Serpent ſuch a colour ſet on pride,
With a rich gloſſe of being Deifide, Gen. 3.
And knowing much, that *Eve* liked it ſo well,
As having taſted Heaven, ſhee'd venture Hell.
To know what's ill. The Fiends not long a wooing,
But tels her if ſheele know, ſhee muſt be doing.
'Behold that goodly Apple, take and eate,
'The choyſe of Paradiſe, delicious meat;
'This will beſtow an immortality,
'And make you ſharers in the Deity.
'God knowes this wel, ther'fore leaſt you ſhould be,
'Partners with him, he has forbid this Tree.
The liquoriſh Woman eyes, and eyes againe
The Apple; ſees it lovely and would faine
Pluck it, but feares: at laſt demurreth ſo;
'If not for uſe, why did this apple grow?
'What Aromatick ſmell? how ſmooth the skin,
'And gay? Can any poyſon lurke within?
'No ſure: God in forbidding has ſome end,
'That's envious, Ile beleeve my ſpeckled friend;
'Who gives the world to roame in, and excludes
'But the leaſt corner, all his gifts deludes,
'And pens you in a priſon. All the trees
'Of Eden are but toyes; forbidding theſe
'Choiſe fruits, what gave God when he gave command,
'Ore fiſhes, foules of th' ayre, beaſts of the land?
'And then forſooth to ſay, dare not once touch
'This Apple; bounty is not valued much,
'Hedg'd in with lymits: I had rather have,
'What he exempts, then all the reſt he gave.

'Had it not been forbid, it might have paſt,
'Not car'd for, now I muſt needs, and will taſt.
'Be it what it will, Ile by experience try,
'If it bring death, or immortality.
With this, maugre Jehovahs frownes and threats,
The bold Virago the Apple plucks and eates.
Shee ſcarce had gorgd it when the ſubtile Snake,
Tickling with laughter in ſuch manner ſpake.
'Are not your eyes now open? ſure you know,
'What's Good and Bad: but be not envious, go
'Preſent your husband with an Apple, and
'Both good and ill alike ſhall underſtand.
Lets to the Devill give what is his due,
Though he equivocate, yet he ſpeakes true.
But why did he aſſume the Serpents ſhape?
Are not there other beaſts, the Fox, the Ape,
The Dog, the Elephant ſo wiſe as is
The Serpent? but he takes this vermins hiſſe,
To cheat our Grandame: Satan will declare,
How neare allyed he and the Serpent are.
All other creatures onely will defend
Themſelves, not unprovoked man offend:
Gen. 49 Pſal. 69. 109. This venome ſtill in ambuſh lyes like *Dan*,
To bite our heeles, and not toucht poyſons man.
What harme did we the Devill? that he ſhou'd,
Envy our happineſſe, prevent our good?
Then in the turnes and windings that he makes,
How does he repreſent the circling ſnakes?
Obſerve this plot, and by one wile gueſſe all,
As he made *Eve*, ſo he makes others fall.
Knowing the woman of the two more frayle,
He will the weaker veſſell firſt aſſayle.
Knowing the man of ſounder judgment, he
Sends his Embaſſadors to *Adam*, ſhee
Muſt play the Orator; commend the meate,
Turne Crocodile, peule, weep, unleſſe he eate.
3 Reg. 11. Jud. 16 (By ſuch ſeducers *Solomon* al-wiſe,
Forſooke his God, *Sampſon* loſt ſtrength and eyes.)

If

If we dare trust the Jewes, their stories tell,
How *Nathan* saw before King *David* fell
His ardent love to *Bersheabe*, and thought
To stay the Prince from his adulterous fault.
He trudges to the Court, but in the way,
The subtile Fiend as a dead carkasse lay:
The Prophet stops his course to interre the dead,
Meane while the King defiles *Uriahs* bed.
Shall we conceive *Adam* was so unwise,
To think an apple could make cleare his eyes?
Indude with grace, and a strong Intellect,
He could not but on Gods command reflect,
Wherefore we must beleeve his chiefest end,
In the transgression was not to offend
His cogging wife. (A precedent of those,
Who to please others their owne soules dare lose.)
So *Solomon* his Queenes so much affects,
That for 'em to false Gods he Phanes erects:
But did the mischiefe end in *Adams* sin?
No sure! our misery must here begin.
A businesse of such consequence, that all,
Involv'd in him with him must joyntly fall.
Had he been single, there had staid the doome,
But he was Father of the World to come:
And in his sentence we were censur'd, who
Nere understood what appertained to
Transgression. Ist' not strange one single crime,
Should last, and blast all progresses of time?
Let *Epictetus*, let the Stagirit,
With Divine *Plato*, who have amply writ
Of vertues, and of vices, speak the cause,
Why man so easily transgresses Lawes.
When all are dumbe, our sacred Volumes can
Tell wherefore all these mischiefes lite on man.
Adam had all our wils in his, and we
Eate joyntly with him the forbidden Tree.
His onely act, that one pestiferous bit,
Had many thousand Aconites in it.

Epiph. in vitis Propheter.

3 Reg. 11.

It ſcarce is ſwallowed when infernall gates,
With violence flye open, Iron grates
Of Hell are burſt; anxieties, cares, feares,,
Sorrow with all her dropping children, teares,
Ieſus. præf. lib. 1. Suſpition, jealouſie, lawleſſe deſire,
Unbridled luſt, pretenſions to aſpire.
Fond joyes, ſad diſcontent at preſent ſtate,
Averſion from good: anger, envy, hate,
Avarice ſtill greedy, griping penury,
Dogging at the heeles of Prodigality,
Darkneſſe of minde, perverſity of will,
And what in both can be ſuſpected ill.
Beguiling error, pervicatious ſchiſme,
Crab-creeping hereſie, impious atheiſme:
Idolatry alwaies inventing where
New Gods may be adorde for love or feare.
Egypt to Ibis, Rome will ſacrifice
To th' fire, and *Cloaca* a Goddeſſe is.
Theſe monſters with their pale commander death,
(Kept hitherto cloſe priſoners beneath,
Nor ſhould they ever have beheld the Sun)
Hearing what man againſt his God had done,
Scorne longer to obey preſcribed Lawes,
But they will forth and vindicate Gods cauſe.
By the effects judge *Adam* of thy fault,
Theſe miſchiefes are the purchaſe thou haſt bought,
Corruption is the houſe; the land ſad woes,
In which though with teares watred no good growes.
Making at houre of death thy lateſt will,
Thou didſt bequeath this Legacy of ill,
And for Executors, the Devill truſt,
Who though a Bankrupt, yet in this is juſt,
And takes ſuch care that jointly with our breath,
We doe receive thy teſtament of death.
Hence iſſue, if we well revolve our Fate,
Thoſe woes which follow mans accurſed ſtate:
Hence thoſe afflictions which attend our wayes,
Thoſe ſad cataſtroph's of our wretched dayes:

Hence

Hence that unequall ſhare of joy and paine,
A drop of pleaſure, but of woe a maine;
O, hadſt thou lov'd God more, *Eve* not ſo well,
Thou wouldſt have left us heires of Heaven, not Hell.
Who can deſcribe what's ſin? Nothing at all,
And muſt the maſſe of man for nothing fall?
All things ith' world God made, and God was glad, Gen. 1.
That by his making hand they being had,
Onely thou misbegotten Monſter, ſin,
As Baſtards uſe ſtoleſt at the Window in;
Aſhamed of thy birth: God never put
Leaſt finger to thy Eſſence: Hell was ſhut.
Thou wert' the Key to open it; day light
Changde by thy birth into eternall night.
Curſt be thy birth day; let it not appeare, Iob 3.
Nor once be nam'd with th'other dayes o'th yeare.
Be long expected, and as thou ſhalt faile,
Be curſ'd of thoſe, who watch to chaſe the Whale:
On that black day let the Univerſe be ſad,
And Furies onely at thy birth be glad,
For thou haſt on us all theſe miſchiefes hurld,
And made a Priſtine Chaos of the World.
And weele be angry with thee, Grandam *Eve*,
The Mother of this Child: thou didſt conceive
The odious Monſter: Satan was his Sire,
But you adulterous Paramours conſpire,
And with ſuch ſlights juggle the buſineſſe, that
Adam muſt father the miſ-gotten brat.
God form'd thee of the mans ſelected bone,
To helpe him, that he ſhould not be alone: Gen. 2.
This was your taske: Have you not help'd him well,
And all his progeny to goe to Hell?
Eve muſt bring children forth in pangs and throes, Gen. 3.
And make a joyfull father by her woes,
Which ſhee performes, with a delight in paine,
(One teeming paſt, another haſts againe.)
Eve muſt be ſubject to her Husband, and
A Vaſſaile alwayes be at his command.

Grounded on this, ſome Common-weales ordaine,
A Salique Law, the Diſtaffe ſhall not raigne;
Eſteeming thoſe God cenſured to obey,
Unfit for Government, and Regall ſway.
And this firſt fault all mankind ſo has vext,
That men take all the Nation for a text
Of their invectives, dip in gaule their quill,
And with Satyrick lines whole Volumes fill
Againſt *Eves* ſex, who in much ignorance bred,
Unable are their proper cauſe to plead.
But had they pens, as good as are their tongues,
They amply would retaliate ſuch great wrongs:
And we ſhould read, as well as loudly heare,
With how much patience they theſe ſcandals beare.

To

To my Honourable Friends, Maſter EDWARD, and Miſtris RUTH PETRE.

Sermo Septimus.

The Argument.

We ſing thoſe Courtiers, who attend the Throne,
And act commands of that moſt abſolute One,
Who gives all, takes from none, but what before,
Iſſued from his never exhauſted ſtore:
We likewiſe treat, with what deſpotike ſway,
This Monarck governs, Citizens obey.

PLATO fram'd a Republike, and it coſt
Tullie much labour to write, what is loſt,
A Common-wealth: ſo *Ariſtotle* writ,
His book of Politicks, prooving in it
How the beſt forme of Government is, where
One abſolute Monarck ſhall the Scepter beare.
Be it ſo, or not, let ſlaine *Cambyſes* Peres — Herodot.
Diſpute the Queſtion: jealouſies and feares,
Ariſe on every ſide: a Monarck may
Turne tyrant, *Nero*, or *Dionyſius* play.
Violently take your goods, command your Wives, — A Tyrant.
And what more precious is then both your lives:
Bring in an arbitrary Government,
Or feare, or ſcorne to call a Parliament.

Forget himselfe, and how one single clause
Of his life more commands then all his Lawes.
He acts on a conspicuous stage, and is
Subject to all his subjects clap or hisse.
Thus Monarcks may decline, and may not such,
Who to a state turne Kingdomes doe as much?
Suppose your Noblemen should beare the sway,
Even these may erre as well as tyrants may:
Aristocracie. Consult, combine, to keep the people low,
And from the publike pressures potent grow.
A crafty party circumvent the rest,
Some few prevaile, the bad oretop the best.
From reasons rule, and square of Justice erre,
Before the generall, private ends prefer.
Athens a slave by thirty tyrants made;
And *Rome* by the Decemviri betrayd.
These promis'd cures o'th body politick,
But made the same a hundreth times more sick.
Weary of Kings, *Rome* ordains Consuls, those
Suppress, thee ten chiefe Magistrates will choose.
Rods onely scourg'd her in the dayes of Kings,
And Consuls, these few men with Scorpions stings
Slash the poore Commons, as none can be sure
Of his owne goods, nor in's owne house secure:
The people grumble: let 'em, this base Yoake,
They brought upon themselves, and till the'have broake:
Their Asses backs i'th carriage must endure
The burthen; armed Cohorts shall secure
The tyrants lives, and military bands,
Force speedy execution of commands.
For the fond multitude, they never knew
Their proper good, nor what belonged to
Democracie. Or worth, or manners; Peers and Monarcks know,
When they do injuries, that they do so.
But the base Vulgars unrestrained will,
Is model of their actions good, or ill.
A many headed monster, yet not one
Sconce stuft with Reason, or Religion;
Fiery in prosecution of what's new,

Which had, they preſently their wiſhes rue:
And you as eaſily may, and even as ſoone,
Shape out and make a garment for the Moone,
Now creſcent, now i'th full, now in the waine,
As ſatisfie the Vulgars fickle braine.
The Rable doated on this Parliament,
With clubs and ſtaves for their protection went
To *Weſtminſter*: gloryed to heare themſelves
Cald Round-heads, others Cavaliers (new Guelphs
And Gibelines) what blood ſhed they? what fights?
Adventur'd for the Parliamentall rights?
How bountifully did they give their ſtore,
Of gold at Guildhall? yea, contribute more
Then was requir'd. City and Country cry,
T'have reverend *Land* and active *Strafford* dye,
As enemies to'th Realme, and Parliament;
And till their heads are off ne'r be content.
But now the caſe is altred, they rayle on
Both Houſes, cry downe for oppreſſion
Exciſes, are ſo impudent, they'd thruſt
Them from their Voting, whom themſelves did truſt,
With all their rights; whiſper, expreſſe their ſpight
In proſe and verſe, moſt dangerous pamphlets write:
Yea ſome ('tis ſtrange) ſo raſh they dare proclaime
Themſelves the authors, and ſubſcribe a name:
Boldneſſe and mercy, theſe would ſpend their blood
Moſt willingly, our Senators are good,
And will not ſpil't, knowing a Magiſtrate.
Should th' Emperour *Nero* (yet young) imitate.
Who wept when he ſhould ſigne to th' deaths of men,
Condemn'd, and wiſh'd he could not uſe a pen.
But howſoe're they hold a wolfe by th' eare,
Who court the multitude, and ſtill muſt feare,
Heele byte 'em; all their bones are broke in twaine, Pſal
Who ſeek the fickle Vulgars love to gaine.
So weak our providence, ſo full of feare,
No ſtate that's perfect can be ſtabliſh'd here;
None formed yet a body politick,
That ſundry noxious humours made not ſick.

Eutopia fancied by our learned *More*,
Had faults, and *Platoes* Common-wealth had more.
Let Genoa, Jena, Venice, Amſterdam,
And my deare London a republike frame,
As they have fram'd, ſome Conſtitutions are,
That erre from reaſon, and with juſtice ſquare.
Yet when Philoſophers with all their wit,
(Though ſome were States-men) faile, our ſacred Writ
Shall ſpeak a Common-weale, ſo ſound, ſo ſure,
That for eternity it ſhall endure.
For lift your eyes up, and contemplate them,
Who fill the Senate of Hieruſalem;
There you ſhall ſee an ordered policy
Eſtabliſh'd, a ſure grounded Monarchy:
That on the Burgers has more bleſſings brought,
Then Common-weales have dream'd of, or have fought.
A glorious City, that ſurpaſſeth far,
Ninus vaſt Ninive, or the grand Caire:
Though that could vaunt of threeſcore miles in length,
Wals of unmeaſured magnitude, and length,
Almoſt two thouſand towers as Babel high,
Threatning as *Memphis* Pyramids, the skie.
Yet if with Sion you both theſe compare,
Both ſilie cottages, both Sheep-coats are.
Apoc. 21. The pavement, wals, and roofe of gold are made,
Tob. 13. With diamonds and precious ſtones inlaide.
That with their luſtre give a conſtant light,
Although ſuch need not, for the fable night
Is ever baniſh'd thence; (the fulgent rayes,
Oth' ſlaughtered Lamb, cauſing perpetuall dayes.)
No watch, no warding at the ſeverall ports,
No military ſtations at the Forts.
Onely at every Gate an Angel ſtands,
And brandiſhes a Fauchion in his hands,
Gen. 3. To keep Malignants out, as heretofore
Th' Angel kept watch and ward at Edens dore.
ibid. 19. And when that ſhame of nature went about,
To break *Lots* houſe, the angels kept 'em out:

Beſides

Besides the Citizens al souldiers are,
Knights of St. *Vincent* for their feats of War.
They made their passage through a crimson flood,
(As did the Israelites) of Iesus blood. Exod. 14.
And Satan mindfull he was vanquish'd here,
Scarce lifts his eyes to Heaven, much lesse comes there.
The forme of Government is such; one King,
To whom all homage owe, and tribute bring;
His Court most glorious: Myriads of those Peres,
Whose charge it is to volve the circling Spheres,
Assist his throne: Cherubs who pierce, and see,
The secret Orders of the Deity.
And those Seraphike Lords, with firy love
Inflam'd, in and about the centre move The Hierarchie of Angels.
Oth' divine Essence. Sedentary be,
The thrones, and with a sweet tranquility,
Contemplate God. Ore sublunary things,
The dominations sway, and act their Kings
Commands; who uses to imploy the powers
When he will curbe those enemies of ours,
Th' Aerian Potentates: as Satan would,
Bring *Moses* body forth, that th' Hebrews should
It idolize, he was made hold his peace Epist. Iud.
By *Michael*, and from th' enterprize surcease.
Who take the charge of Kings and kingdoms, these
Are stil'd magnifique Principalities.
When God prodigious operations takes
In hand, he then the active Virtues makes
His instruments. Angels, archangels, are
His Nuntio's, when he pleases to declare
His mind to Mortals: the angel *Gabriel* went,
In Embassie to crave a Maids consent,
And as some Paranymph prepare a roome, Luc. 1.
Where God himselfe should to our nature come,
And wooing in's owne person make a tye
Betwixt our flesh, and his Divinity,
The hypostatick Union was the Ring,
Did make the match, and to perfection bring:

And

And made our lumpe of deſpicable clay,
Ore the Empyrian Dominations ſway.
Eph. 5. What time the Spouſe, both Jewes and Gentiles takes,
And with them both a myſtique marriage makes.
The fervent Seraphin, and Cherubs be
Lords of Gods privy Councell, although he
Nor ſits, nor needs much to deliberate,
What's to be done in buſineſſes of State.
Yet ſome bleſt Angels know more of his mind,
And in the Book of Life (read deeply,) find,
The fixt decrees of his eternall will,
How he elects the good, rejects the ill.
Some leaders of Gods Army, whom he ſends,
Or to ſubdue his foes, or aide his friends;
So *Michael*, Generaliſſimo, commands
The ſacred Brigades, and Cæleſtiall Bands;
Gueſſe at their ſtrength, by what but one has done,
Killing in Egypt every firſt borne ſon.
Exod. 11. All this one night perform'd: Did not almoſt
Two hundreth thouſand of the Syrian Hoſt,
Oth' ground lye gaſping, by one Angell kil'd,
And all the reſt with Panik terrour filde,
4. Reg. Ch. 19. Trudge with their King away? ſome Angel muſt
I'th lateſt day collect all humane duſt:
When ſoules ſhall reaſſume their fleſh, and give,
Account of all their actions done alive.
All theſe great Princes hourely waite upon
Their glorious King, encompaſſing his throane,
To doe him ſervice, and i'th very name,
Each one Enucleates his Creators fame.
For every ſingle appellation ſuites,
To be the Banner of Gods attributes.
The Seraphim proclaime that ardent fire,
Wherewith the Perſons mutually conſpire,
To give exiſtence, and communicate,
To whats exiſtent an accompliſh'd ſtate.
The Cherubs witneſſe an abyſſe of skill,
In the production, and a provident will,

In government oth' world: both in the height
Of wiſdome, number, and of weight.
How fitly doe the quiet thrones expreſſe,
Gods never to be altered quietneſſe?
Who in himſelfe immov'd, alwayes the ſame,
With various motions alters the Worlds frame.
Mutations in the fire, ayre, water, land,
And in all theſe God has a ſpeciall hand.
But as ſome Rock fixt firmly midſt the waves,
Stirs not a jot, although the ocean raves,
And boyſterous winds conſpiring with the tyde,
Cauſe noyſe, and feare alike on every ſide:
So in the world, though daily motions be,
Changes of elements, and Kingdomes; he
Who changes all, ſits quiet in his throne,
Ever the ſame unalterable, One.
Powers, vertues, principalities, diſplay
With dominations a deſpotick ſway.
The Angels fancied young with Cherubs wings,
The cheerfull expedition in their Kings
Commands: theſe ninety nine have never err'd, Matth. 18.
But alwayes loyal to their God adher'd:
When *Lucifer* that Catelin loſt his place,
Theſe purchaſt glory, keeping their firſt grace.
A mighty Prince prepar'd *Aſſuerus* feaſts,
And ſent his Vaſſals to invite the gueſts, Eſther. 1.
And bid 'em forthwith to the banquet come,
They onely wanted to adorne his roome.
They all excuſe; one anſwers, he hath bought,
A Farme, and goes to ſee if 't be worth ought; Luc. 14.
Another has bought Oxen, and muſt know
By tryall, whether they be good or no.
The third's a married man, and for his life,
He cannot obtaine licence of his wife.
What's to be done? muſt all the Kates be ſpoyld?
This noble Prince, and all his court'ſie foyld?
No ſure his ſervants goe to every ſtreet,
And take up all the paſſengers they meet.

Yet there is place: he ſends for the Rif-raf,
They come ſit at his table, drink, eate, laugh.
Such is Gods bounty, he prepared ..aſts,
Adorn'd heavens Hall, and onely wanted gueſts
To fill the roomes of theſe rebellious Fiends,
Wherefore to Jews and Gentiles out he ſends.
Ioh. Many excuſe themſelves: ſome pride of life
Retard, ſome hope of gaine, others a Wife.
But who can croſſe Gods efficacious will?
Rom. 9. Gueſts are compel'd, whether they wil or nil,
By congruous grace to come, and fill the ſeats
O'th trayterous Elves, and feed on dainty meats.
The lame, the feeble, and the poore in ſpirit,
By grace of Chriſt advanc'd, not their owne merit,
To Gods owne table, eate Cæleſtiall Kates,
Luc. 11. Where Angels miniſter, and Jeſus waites.
Of theſe in Heaven a countleſſe multitude,
Apoc. 7. Inhabit, not as the baſe vulgar rude;
But deeply learned, having for their book,
Even God himſelfe, on whom they daily look:
And as they more or leſſe relations ſee
Ith' ſacred triad, ſo they learned be;
And happy more or leſſe, and what them all,
Moſt firmly comforts, they ſhall never fall
From this beatitude: ſome ages paſt,
This ſtate of things ſhall end; theirs ever laſt.
No ſickneſſe, no diſeaſes can come neare
That happy Towne, nor is there any feare,
That all conſuming time, or penſive cares,
Apoc. 21. Shall iſſue furrowing wrinckles, or gray hayres:
Never ſedition troubled this bleſt towne,
Since *Lucifer* that Boutifew fel downe.
And care is had that none ſhall enter in
Ibid. The gates, defil'd with leprouſie of ſin.
Tis true, there's difference twixt the light of ſtars,
2 Cor. 15. Yet cannot inequality breed jars;
No Saint repining at anothers ſhare,
Though ſome more glorious then ſome others are.

All

All reſt contented with their proper ſtore
Of grace, and glory, and require no more.
And 'twere a madneſſe any ſhould repine,
The cheerfull Sun ſhould on his fellow ſhine;
Or dropping Clouds with a fructiferous ſhower,
Upon his neighbours fields a bleſſing poure.
The ſelfe ſame mirrour bounteouſly reflects,
Upon a thouſand ſeverall mens aſpects.
The aiery ſpecies, nor is leſſe your view,
Becauſe a thouſand ſharers are with you.
God is this glorious planet, this cleere glaſſe,
That cheers all, ſhews all objects as they paſſe.
Though he cheer all, though he be ſeen of many,
All this is done ſans detriment of any.
And had there been millions of ſuch worlds more,
Of ſaints, and angels, an innumerous ſtore,
All had had heat, all had as clearely ſeen,
Yet th'object never penetrated been.
As eaſily God giving life and forme,
To alas he doth to the ſillieſt worme:
And though to ſome his bounties ampler be,
Yet even in this we ſhal Decorum ſee.
As architects, who reare a houſe or wal,
When pondrous ſtones are fit, apply not ſmal:
When ſmal proportion will not maſſie place,
For ſo the worke would want both art and grace.
Such is Gods City made of lively ſtones,
Spiritual Chryſolithes, and Unions.
The Sardonix, and ſparkling Chryſopraſe,
Beryllus, Jaſper, Chriſtaline like glaſſe. Apoc. 21.
All theſe rich Jems proportionably cut,
Are in that forme, and decent manner put,
And of ſuch quantity, and valour be,
As with the Univerſe ſhal beſt agree.
For if the workman ſhewed ſuch curious art,
In making this low Orbe, and every part
Contain'd in it, how muſt his skill abound,
When he a palace for himſelfe wil found?

We haue view'd Gods City, know the ſubjects, now
Let's contemplate the policy and how
This mighty Monarck governs, by what law
So ſteers, his ſubjects loue, yet ſtand in aw.
Kings are compel'd to imploy their ſubjects hands,
As uſefull inſtruments of their commands:
They cannot liue without 'em, nor are Kings,
Unleſſe the ſubject neceſſary things;
Supply for life, and ſtate, whence come their treaſures,
But from the ſubjects purſe? euen to their pleaſures
The ſubject muſt contribute, nor the field,
Nor River without Subjects pleaſure yeild,
Unleſſe the Falconer traverſing the mounds,
Shall lure the Hawke, the huntſmen rate the Hounds.
In maſques, and ſhowes, and playes, which Princes ſee,
Subjects muſt reuellers, and actors be.
If he rule wiſely the beſt Monarck heares,
More with his ſubjects, then with his owne eares:
He muſt haue ledgers, and his ſpies maintaine,
To informe what's done in Rome, France, Flanders, Spaine.
Iſt' the leaſt miſery of Kings to ſtand
In feare of their owne ſubjects, leaſt they band
Againſt them, or plot treaſon; Monarcks are,
Jealous when ſubjects grow too popular,
Too potent, or too rich; on purpoſe ſend
Them out Embaſſadors, to make 'em ſpend
Their formidable treaſures: Or in ſhew
Of honour, let 'em for their Viceroyes goe
To the remoter Indies. Who can tell,
How many Monarks by their Vaſſals fell?
We need not trauaile Greece, Rome, Beme, France, Spaine;
In our ſole Britaine fifty Monarks ſlaine:
That *Aventinus* boldly dares report,
The Roman-German Emperor kept a court,
Where Kings were ſubject: none but Aſſes were
Vaſſailes to the French King, becauſe they beare
Such heauy burdens; the Heſperian Kings,
Were Kings of men, becauſe the Spaniard clings

Aventinus de Bello Turcico.
George Abbot Archbiſh. Can. in his deſcription of the World.

So cloſely to his Prince. A King of Devils,
Our Engliſh King, by reaſon of the evils
Againſt their Kings done by the ſubjects hands,
Rebellions, depoſitions, murthers, bands.
Yet we muſt underſtand ther's mighty ods,
Betwixt the Commons, and terreſtrial Gods.
Angels guard us, archangels wait on them,
Secure their perſons, and protect the Realme Matth. 18.
For Monarks ſakes: let the world know that Kings, Dan. 10.
Are gods on earth, and conſecrated things. Pſ. 81.
Precious 'ith ſight of God, in ſtate moſt high,
Who touch 'em, touch the apple of Gods eye. Zach. 2.
Semei may barke, *Achitophel* counſel give, Reg. 2. cap. 16.
But how long after did theſe trayters live? ib 17.
The polititian, farewell gently takes
Of all his freinds, and with decorum makes
(If hanging have a decency) an end
Of 's loathed life. *Semei* is made a friend, ibid. 19.
To the reſtored King; but with this law
(Which whilſt he lives ſhal keep him ſtil in awe)
He muſt not leave his houſe: ſome few years paſſe,
His ſervants run away; mounting his Aſſe
He brings 'em back againe. 'Tis told the Prince, Reg 3. cap. 2.
And *Semei* dyes for's firſt, and laſt offence.
(Gods ſcourge oretaking (though 'tis ſometimes long)
Still ſubjects, who dare doe their Monarks wrong.)
But though high powers guard Kings, yet we may ſee,
How to their ſubjects ſpleens they ſubject be.
No ſuch dependant Monarchie in Heaven,
Where nothing by the ſubject can be given,
That was not Gods before: their very being
Glorious endowments, beatifique ſeeing.
For pleaſure, not for want of power or skill,
He makes the Angels actors of their will.
Nor feares he mutinies; lov's the onely law,
Of their obedience, and a filyall awe.
Should any riſe (which cannot be) one frowne,
Would eaſily caſt to Hell the Rebels downe.

Who acts al things, above, beneath the Sun,
Needs no informers to know what is done.
The greateſt Monark governs, as well clounes,
As Kings: in Heaven all are Kings, all weare crownes.
Nor can we reckon the innumerous liſt,
Apoc. 7. Of Gods apparent heyrs, coheyrs with Chriſt.
Galat. 4. Commanders of his Military Bands,
Who for their brave exploits by Gods owne hands,
Have Diadems ſet on every Victors front,
Of precious ſtones, and every ſtone has on't
The trophees they have rear'd by Victories got,
As with the Devill, World, and Fleſh they fought.
Thus is our Sions government in all
Points moſt complcat, truly Monarchicall.

To

To the right Honourable, *Thomas* Lord Brudenol, Maſter *Robert* Brudenol his Son, and my learned Friend, Maſter *Iames Yate.*

Sermo Octavus.

The Argument.

All good here ſcanted, if a Man have wealth,
He wants or wit to uſe it, or wants health.
This witty as Achitophel, but his caſe,
As poore as Iobs, or worſe: for he wants grace.
Onely in Heaven theſe Three are friendly joyn'd,
Health, Wealth, and choiſe endowments of the Mind:
Then the fourth Good on theſe Three former waites,
Angels, Archangels, Patriarcks are your mates:
With Prophets, Martyrs, Doctors to their King,
Melodious Alleluias you ſhall ſing.

THe end of Common weales is to procure,
A temporall happineſſe, and put in ure,
All means conducent to that purpoſe, this
Obtain'd they reſt contented with ſuch bliſſe.
Was ever Rome, Sparta, or Athens bleſt,
With ſuch a happineſſe? Lets view the reſt,
Of Common-wealths; they often chang'd their formes
Of government, to be ſecur'd from ſtormes.
Now Kings, now Peers, now Commons, now commixt,
All three; no policy long ſtanding fixt.

Which

Which shews that all your Common-wealths are lame,
Gaine not their ends, but onely at them aime.
Are private men more happy? Let us see
Aristot. Ethic. What's requisite to our felicity.
A plenteous fortune, Dowries of the minde,
To which the bodys health must be adjoyn'd.
(Does not such blisse stand on a tickliſh point,
The Gout, or head-ach can put out of joynt?)
Then choyse associates must accumulate,
The full fruition of a blessed state:
And 'tis extension of a private good,
When friends pertake in our Beatitude.
Such have blind Fortunes various changes been,
That never yet a Common-wealth was seene,
Or single man, in whom these blessings joyn'd,
Friends, health, the goods of fortune, and the Minde.
In wrongs was *Alexander* fortunate,
His friends unfaithfull, minde intemperate.
What was his fury? what his drunkennesse?
When he slue *Clitus*, and *Callisthenes*.
Virtues in others can this Prince offend,
Which were they his, heed'in himselfe commend.
What can content this brainsick young mans minde?
When what his foes cannot, himselfe will finde
A want in his owne greatnesse: *Philips* son,
Though Asia he subdu'd has nothing done,
Because *Perdiccas* hath a warlike brest,
Lysimachus amongst his Chieftaines best,
Can lead an Army. *Attalus* brave gate,
A shadow casts on *Alexanders* state.
Seleucus is magnanimous, and where,
Dangers and death are most apparent, there
He will be formost, *Ptolomy* does rest
In Fortunes lap, all his attempts are blest.
Thus envy has, as *Argus* many eyes,
Above, beneath, on every side shee spies.
We hate Superiours, because they are so,
We feare least our Inferiours equall grow.

We

We look a ſquint on ſuch we fellows ſee,
And have a jealouſie theyle better be.
The beſt of Romans, and moſt worthy man,
Was *Scipio* Major, ſurnam'd African.
Was he accompliſh'd? no, though wherein weake,
His noble Wife can, but diſdains to ſpeake.
Omitting theſe, weele come to *Solomon*, *Valerius Maximus.*
A type of the Meſſias, *Davids* ſon:
This Monarck by his ſubjects even ador'd
For wiſdome, with all rich endowments ſtor'd:
Well kend all plants, and could deſcribe the tall
Cædar as well, as th' Hyſop of the wall: 1 Reg. 10. 11.
He knew all ſecrets, and could make his texts,
The cauſes influences on their effects:
He well was verſt in what few mortals know,
Whence it proceeds, why theſe, and thoſe winds blow
And what learn'd *Ariſtotle* put beſide,
His wits, he knew the ebbing of the Tyde,
And the refluxe: whether the Moone be cauſe
Th' Ocean in both obſerves ſuch conſtant lawes.
Taught by omniſcious God, he knew the motions
Of all the Orbs, and how their revolutions
Sway ſublunary things, and whether thoſe
Have a predominance in joyes and woes.
Whether our *Lilie* or his *Booker* erre,
Or we muſt *Wharton* before them both prefer:
Had he writ Almanacks, (and ſure he had
Such knowledge, halfe whereof would have made mad
All our Aſtrologers) by this we had ſeene,
What th' end of all our troubles would have been.
Sith theſe by Prophets onely are foretold,
For we are maſters of our arts and hold
Our Fortunes in our hands: ſtars may incline,
But not neceſſitate thy will or mine.
Had he turn'd Alchymiſt (as many ſay
He did) he would have taken the right way,
To make projection come, and not with brags
Of *Peru's* mines, have gone himſelfe in rags,

As our impoſtures doe, who rich men cheat,
Onely to ſneak in tatters and to eate.
The Rabbins tell, ſo powerfull was his skill,
That th' aerie potentates obeyd his will;
And that in pity knowing how much hurt,
Is done to mankind by this gliſtering durt,
Cal'd Gold, the ſinews of unnaturall war,
Luſt, and ambition; and how Lawyers are
Furniſh'd by this to feed eternall ſtrife,
'Twixt friend and deareſt friend, man and his wife;
And if men get the Philoſophick ſtone,
All would be rich, proud, and luxurious, none
Go the right way; he therefore th' Angels bound,
By a ſtrong oath, that whenſoe'r they found,
Projection, neare to come, they ſhould like thunder,
Fall on th' Alembiks, and break all aſunder,
And ever ſince projection has been ſpun,
Even to the lateſt day: then al's undone.
Though Empyricks whine and ſweare ſome grievous fault
Has cruſh their ſtils, and made their ſcience halt.
Our *Solomon* had a full theorie
Of all the morall arts: Oeconomie,
How we ſhould rule our houſe, how rule a ſtate,
How our unruly paſſions ſubjugate.
Prov. Eccleſ. How we ſhould children rule, and if we can,
Make every wife obeiſant to her man.
What all ſurmounts by gift of prophecy,
He could the myſteries of our Church foreſee;
And to one God a ſumptuous Temple reare,
Preſigurating that which Jeſus here
3 Reg. Founded: although to this inferiour far,
As to prototypons all ſhadows are.
Then wrapt with heavenly fires chaſt hymns enroule,
Wherewith the Spouſe ſhall court the Church, the ſoule,
(His compheres) and as this muſitian ſings,
The amorous embraces of his Kings,
In ſtrong alluſions, and harmonious ayres,
What are his owne perfections he declares.

His

His comely body was a curious house,
For a composed soule. His Memphian spouse
Ith' following song thus shall her consort greet.
'The fragrant roses and white lyllies meet,
'In my loves face, his forme surpasseth far, Cant.
'The sons of men! th' attractive graces are, Psal. 44.
'Dancing about his lips, when heele decide
'Some doubtfull case, or else his wit is tryde
'In parables, what Combs of hony flow,
'What heavenly elocution does he show? 3 Reg.
'Kings and Domesticks, all astonish'd gaze
'Upon him, and the happy fortunes praise,
'Of the worst Meniall of his house, who stands,
'And hears as well his wisedome, as commands.
'If these enjoy such blisse, how great is hers,
'Whom to his bed, and bosome he prefers,
'His loyall consort, Empresse, turtle Dove,
'His friend, compleatly faire, his onely Love?
Will you behold the royall majesty,
Of Spanish Kings? travell to Sicily,
Or else at Naples, view the Viceroyes port,
And all the glorious circumstance of Court.
But if youle see Magnificence indeed,
To *Salems* new adorned city speed.
There youle behold a mighty Prince command,
From the Sea shore to swift Euphrates strand,
Potent in horse and foot: innumerous sums,
Of coyne, of Serean silks, Arabian Gums,
Odours of Saba: every neighbour King,
Courts him with presents, or does Tribute bring.
His Fleet (in a firme league of friendship joyn'd,
With Tyrian Hyram) shall mount Ophir finde,
And marking when the Lyons goe to pray,
Seaze on the precious Ore, and bring't away:
(For Ophir Lyons dig, and watch those Mines, R. 3. c. 9.
Of purer dust which covetous man refines, *Lyra ib.*
And spreads about the world to maintaine what,
Ambition, lust, wrath, envy, levell at.)

Now view this glorious Monarck sit alone,
(Like some terrestriall God on's Ivory throne)
Or the resplendent Sun at noon dayes pride,
Psal. 44. His Memphian Empresse sitting by his side,
In a rich pearl-imbroidered Cyclad dight,
(Resembling the faire mistresse of the night.)
Two massie Lyons made of beaten gold,
3 Reg. 10. On either side the high-set-throne uphold:
Six steps th' ascent: a dozen Lyons are,
Of the same metall guarding every staire.
A world of Grandees wait upon their Prince,
Admiring his full answers, and deep sence:
Either as he Embassadors shall grace,
Or else enucleate some ambiguous case:
For pleasures now what were his house and court?
A Cry this, that Eden full of sport.
Ordered so well that every meniall knowes
His proper duties, and discharges those
3 Reg. Without disturbance to the rest, all move
In their owne centrike lines as do's behove,
Eccles 3. Vassailes of *Solomon*: the plaines, the woods,
Yield profit and delight; the springs, the floods,
To fish-ponds turn'd, and made inhabitants,
About his house to water trees, flowers, plants.
When he feeds every element combines
To grace his board: the earth her richest wines,
Sea, earth, and ayre, present fish, fowle, and beasts,
And every day he makes Apician feasts.
At all his banquets, massie plate behold,
Cups, Tankards, Flagons, all of purest gold,
Embost with Jems: For gold, pearles, diamonds,
Abounded there, as rife as precious stones.
What stately Masques, where wit with bravery strives,
Presented are before him, and his wives,
And concubines? (a thousand) every one,
So gracious, might be a Prototypon,
And single give ingenious *Zeuxis* lawes,
When for rich *Croton* he a Goddesse drawes,

At

At every straine such musique charmes their eares,
May paralell with the Harmonious spheres.
Such was the life of *Solomon*, and sure,
If you will character an Epicure,
Envelop'd in all pleasures, doe but look,
And seriously, upon this Monarchs book, Eccles. 2.
And you must grant an happinesse, if this
Low Orbe, and all things in't can yeeld a blisse.
But *Moores*, and *Plato's* Common-weals have been
Fancied ingeniously, though never seen.
And *Xenophon* with a neat pen could draw
A curious Cyrus, whom the world nere saw.
So *Aristotle* form'd a happy man,
In his owne braine, which no age could or can,
Or shall behold: Riches, and outward things,
Are temporary. Pleasure brings
No constant blisse: are wives, and women ware,
More precious? let our Ancestors declare
The worth of these. What is for silver sold,
Lesse valued is then Silver, lesse then gold: Osea. 3.
A Wife by Gods command the Prophet buyes,
And with her having paid his Sicles lyes:
A Kings first daughter chaffer'd for the skins,
And flippits of preputiate Philistins. Reg. 1. 18.
We goe beyond their wisedome; now 'tis common,
Without a Dowry few will take a woman.
Five thousand, twenty, forty thousand crownes,
Laid downe upon the naile; wardrobes of gownes,
And rich attire, jewels prepar'd before
Shee enters her dread Lord, and husbands dore.
Yet notwithstanding all this stir and cost,
The hapless husbands have by th' bargaine lost.
For some such shrews, or rather Furies are,
Their husband's better be without 'em far.
What are your Empires? what your large commands?
So many severall cares, as severall lands.
What are your stately masques? ingenious playes?
Wit uttered, showes perform'd by Popinjaies.

Beſides this tranſitory life's ſo ſhort,
That paſſing we can onely look at ſport,
Not ſit by it; that thread, the life of man
Spins out, fitly reſembled to a ſpan.
What's *Solomon* on his Imperiall Throne,
His Grandees all attending, every one
Praiſing his wiſedome? Deſpicable clay,
Accoutred well, ſet forth in rich array:
Matth. 6. Yet thus ſet forth a Lilly withering ſtreight,
Shall quite eclipſe this gandy Monarcks ſtate.
If wiſedome, learning, erudition bring
Felicity; we muſt confeſſe this King
A happy man: but he himſelfe ſhall grant,
Where's much affliction, likewiſe ther's much want
Of happineſſe: though ſciences delight,
Eccleſ. 1. Yet what a toyle is ſtudying day and night,
To purchaſe arts; and when all's done none know,
What animates a dog, a cat, a crow.
We ſee when any ſuch poore creature dyes,
The ſenſleſſe carkaſſe without motion lyes.
Death ſome thing muſt deſtroy, ſome thing divide,
That ſoule and body hath together tyde.
The union's loſt, where is, and what is that?
Did conſtitute a crow, a dog, a cat.
We cannot tell, more then in generall,
How we theſe actuating ſoules ſhould call.
We have ſurveigh'd the world and nothing finde,
Which can beatifie mans reſtleſſe mind:
Created to be happy: muſt this end,
Be fruſtrate? muſt we toyle, and labour ſpend
In vaine? No! we will fly with wings of love
To heaven; and finde beatitude above.
The ſtate of joy and pleaſure, is the will,
The object either reall good or ill,
Yet ſuch as clothes it ſelfe in the antique tire
Of good: the ſenſes when what they deſire,
They have, tranſmit to th' ſoule (their Queene) delight,
Which iſſues from the hearing, taſt, ſmel, ſight.

That

That pleaſure is the ſoules, we are eaſily taught,
Becauſe the will, or elſe ſome penſive thought
Can curbe all pleaſure in exteriours tane.
Yea more, convert all pleaſure into paine.
Faire *Aletheia* the ſearch, and object is
Oth' underſtanding, and its proper bliſſe
Is formall verity: How are we glad,
When certaine demonſtrations can be had,
In any ſcience? through what labours run,
To finde how, where, by whom, ſuch deeds were done?
Pleaſures belong to th' will, and to know much
Gives the underſtanding great contentment: ſuch
Knowledge have Sions Citizens; they know
All things; as torrents, ſo their pleaſures flow.
A torrent, bleſſing the overwhelmed meads, *Torrente voluptatis tuæ potabis eos.* Pſal. 35.
Derives his Origen from ſeverall heads:
Heaven-threatning mountaines in abundance ſend,
Their fleecy ſnowes; the neighbouring rivers lend
Friendly their ſtreames, heavens cataracts fly ope,
The earth to all her flood-gates gives full ſcope:
So ſhall there be a confluence of all good,
To make compleat the Saints beatitude.
Will underſtanding, memory, every Sence,
Shall freely give a large benevolence.
A body ſo exact in every part,
That skilfull nature cannot mend, nor art
Make better, after the age of Chriſt; for he, Epheſ. 4.
As author, ſo th' exemplar cauſe muſt be
Of the Saints bliſſe; full of agility,
Can when it will through the aerie Kingdomes flie.
Drakes Ship as a rare monument was kept, *The dowries of a glorified body.*
At *Debtford*, 'cauſe ſhe had the Ocean ſwept,
Encompaſſing the world, and ere the Sun
Had thrice his courſe through th' oblique Zodiack run,
Circled the coaſts of parched Africa,
Of Aſia, Europe, and America.
What is this world compar'd to heaven? a ſpan,
To fifty leagues. Yet the Saints bodyes can, *Agility.*

As

As soone as the swift sun all regions see,
And at the journyes end not wearied be.
Then how pellucid bodyes made divine
By glory are? how radiantly they shine.
Claritie. Here they were Tabernacles (though of clay,)
In which soules deare to God, a while made stay,
Organs-oth' divine glory; so *Pauls* tongue,
Through th' Universe, Gods praise, and Gospell sung,
Act. Orethrew Idolatry, orethrew false Gods,
His body for the true God scourg'd with rods.
2 Cor. 11. Orewhelm'd with stones; in perils on the Maine,
His head by th' sword from off his shoulders rane.
These severall members for the severall wounds,
Shall be adorn'd with severall Diamonds.
Anadems of glory circle that blest front,
Gyrlands of richest Jewels set upon't.
Act. 7. The Proto-Martyrs body black and blew,
With stones shall shine in a most fulgent hue.
Subtilitie. Such glorious dowries, the Saints bodyes grace,
That rocks and hardest marble must give place.
To make them way, nor can they suffer harme,
Impassibility By any sword manag'd by th' strongest arme.
Subject to woes, to blowes, to torments here,
Senslesse of woes, of blowes, of torments there.
Parch'd Afriks glory (borne in's mothers eyes,)
(An happyer issue of her holy cries,
S. *Aug.* Then of her wombe) would magnifie three sights
Above all other temporall delights.
1. To see our Saviour in that flesh araid,
In which he was to the false Jewes betraid,
By Gentiles crucified, rose from the grave,
And by his death did Jewes and Gentiles save.
2. To heare the Doctor of the Gentiles *Paul*,
Either in the Athenian judgement Hall,
Act. 17. From th' unknowne statue fit occasion take,
And to his auditors a Sermon make:
Or in the Synagogues, instruct the Jewes,
How he whom they so barbarously did use,

Naild to the Croſſe ſhould with much glory come,
To give all Mortals an impartiall doome.
Or elſe before the Roman Preſidents,
Thundring Gods judgements, and what puniſhments
Attend tranſgreſſors, with his Rhetorick make
Affrighted *Felix* and *Druſilla* quake.
Then what a glorious ſight wil't be to ſee,
Great Rome in all her former Majeſty?
Or in *Auguſtus*, or *Veſpaſians* time,
Proud with the Trophees of the Eaſter clime?
The ſpoiles of Nations *Ceſars* bringing forth
In Ovant pompe, what in the South and North
Was rich, and glorious: Souldiers crown'd with Bayes,
Ecohoing in Pæans their Commanders praiſe.
Rome at the greateſt was but thirty miles
About; had for its houſhold-ſtuffe the ſpoiles
Of the whole World: the riches of all Realmes,
Arabian Gums, and gold, Egyptian Gems.
What's thirty miles to Sions amplitude?
What's the worlds treaſure to Beatitude?
We ſpeake a Citie, where large Kingdomes are
The gracefull ſtreets: Rome, Babylon, Grand Caire,
But ſimple Cottages compar'd with ours,
Their Pallaces, their high-Heaven-threatning Towers,
But ſties for ſwine: though we fond mortals cry
'Em up, not knowing true Felicity.
Heavenly Jeruſalem with jems is built, Apoc. 21.
The Wals, the Battlements, the Turrets guilt, Tob. 13.
The ſtreets are pav'd with Saphire, Ophir ſtones,
Berill, rich Carbuncles, and Uniones,
In ſuch a Citie, (when the bleſt ſoules muſt,
Be reunited to their wonted duſt,
Compleated by that Union) the Saints ſhall
Have lordly domination over all
The World, and ſeated in Majeſtick chaires, Sap. 3.
Judge Nations, heires of God, with Chriſt coheires. Rom. 8.
Be converſant with him, humbly adore,

And kiſſe thoſe wounds by which he triumph'd ore
The grave, and Hell; acknowledge his ſole blood,
The onely price of their Beatitude.
Therefore with the Elders every Saint caſts downe
Apoc. Proſtrate at Jeſus feet his royall Crowne.
Not onely in the mirrour of Gods minde,
You ſhall the Apoſtles, *Paul*, *John*, *Peter* finde,
But all the Patriarcks, Martyrs, Doctors ſee,
Converſe, and with 'em moſt familiar be.
Heare every paſſage of their lives and deathes,
How the ſtout Martyrs purchaſed their wreathes.
Heare *Paul* relate through what Seas he did wade,
What dangers ſcap't, where, what Orations made,
And before whom; what good his Sermons wrought,
And who by them into the Church were brought.
And as he ſpeakes, ſo act at every ſtraine,
That you would think you heard him preach againe.
Your underſtanding ſhall be lightened ſo,
That you the ſeverall Hierarchies ſhall know,
See perfectly what now, wee but in truſt,
Take up; if every Individuum muſt
Bee a ſeverall Species by it ſelfe, and God
Muſt needs of the ſame Forme create an od;
Suppoſe, if two of the ſame forme heele make,
He muſt our Mother, the firſt Hyle take.
But theſe are Nicities: Your principall
Happineſſe is God, whoſe Viſion includes all
May ſatisfie. What's done in Heaven, the Son,
By his Father got; active Spiration.
How theſe embracing mutually conſpire,
From both their heats, to give eternall fire
Its Origen: which ſent by them ſhall move,
In ſuch a circle, that with ardent love
The World ſhall burne, acknowledging a Law,
That ſhall both Jewes and Gentiles keep in awe.
A Law not of fierne threats and fetters made,
To compell man; but gently ſhall perſwade,

Attracte

Attracte with tyes of love, no more command, Zach.
Then what may eaſily with practice ſtand.
Let's well obſerve what things are requiſite
To draw from Scientifique arts delight,
So ſhall we know what they, and how much pleaſure
Enjoy, who purchaſt have this hidden treaſure.
A power, a faculty, apt to conceive, 1.
And from proportion'd objects formes receive;
And knowledge, and delight, compleater be,
According to the objects dignitie. 2.
This power cognoſcitive muſt be combinde,
With th' object, and the cloſer it is joynde, 3.
The more it knowes, receives the more content,
And both increaſe when th' object's excellent.
Can any object be like God? of good,
The fountaine, in himſelfe Beatitude.
Of bounty, mercy, juſtice, a vaſt Ocean,
Whoſe every vertue, every ſingle notion
Speaks an abyſſe of worth; where ſily ſheepe
May wade, Elephants may ſwim, not reach the deep.
With this ſea of perfections, ſea of good,
The ſoul's ſo joyn'd, tis ſwallowed in the flood.
Immerg'd ſo deeply in that vaſt abyſſe,
That with it one, and the ſame ſpirit 'tis.
Knowes all his immanent acts, ſees all reſpects, 1 Cor. 6.
Which his All-potent hand has to effects.
Is entred to all Gods joyes, and injoyes
Made one with God, all treaſures, pleaſures, joyes.
Gods all in all things, and whom he unites 1 Cor. 15.
So neerly to him, with him all delights
Pertakes; nor need the bleſſed journeys take,
To ſeek Beatitude; God alone will make
Them happy, having in himſelfe all ſtore
Of bounty, mercy, juſtice, wiſedome, power.
And ſuch an object how muſt it diſtill,
Torrents of pleaſures on the raviſh'd will?
How ſhall our memorie, that rich Magazin,

Of all Idæas ſhowing what has been,
Is extant, ſhall exiſt before us lay
All acts from the Worlds cradle to this day?
Preſent all paſſages through our life run,
The manie favours God for us hath done:
The many dangers we have ſcapt, the fights,
We had againſt the world, the fleſh, the ſlights
Of Satan, how God aided with his grace,
And brought us Conquerours to this happy place,
Where (our browes circled with triumphant bayes)
Pſal. Eternally we ſhall his mercies praiſe.
Then we ſurveigh the worlds Chronologie,
And entring in Gods Cabinet councell ſee,
Why he ſo oft hath ſuffered juſt men here
To be oppreſt, the wicked domineere.
Plainely perceive theſe miſerable times,
To iſſue from the deluge of our crimes.
Our bloody ſins have made ſo loud a cry,
Nothing can cure us but Phlebotomie.
We did abhor the very name of Peace,
The clamour of the Drum ſhall never ceaſe.
We chaſe Religion out the Land, not any
One can content us, now we have too many.
Did too much plenty cauſe a ſurquedrie?
Famine ſhall cure it, and much penurie.
The ſtock of cattle ſpent, a barren yeare
Shall Victuals make, and Corne exceſſive deare.
Exciſes ſhall, ſet up on every ſcore,
Adde to the famine, and undoe the poore.
Neceſſity caus'd taxes, the ſame Law,
Muſt keep 'em up to keep the rout in awe.
Why did th' ambitious Horſe endure the bit,
To chaſe the hart, then would be free from it?
But cann't; who thruſt themſelves into a yoake,
Deſerve to beare untill their backs be broake.
The Saints ſhall ſee why God permits all this,
And not a jot be troubled in their bliſſe.

For those blest Citizens of Sion be,
As well from trouble, as from sickness free.
Nor can their Kin, or deareſt friends annoy,
Though knowne, diminish their eternall joy.
For mercies towards themselves, to God they owe,
And praise his Justice in Delinquents woe.

To the right Honourable, *Edward*, Earle of Dorſet, *Richard*, Lord Buckhurſt his Son, and my truly honoured Friend, Doctor *Samuel Turner*.

Sermo Nonus.

The Argument.

Man labouring like the Spider, when al's done,
T is but a ſimple Cobweb he hath ſpun.
The Epirot will with his Armies rome
Abroad, to gaine what he injoyes at home.
Well may we learne of the induſtrious Ant,
To gather treaſures 'gainſt the time of want.
Such is that dreadfull day when all ſoules ſhall
In publike audience, give account of all
Their life. The good mounting in heaven ſhall dwell,
The bad deſcend downe to th' Abyſſe of Hell.

HOw does the Spider toile, and when al's done
Tis but a ſilly cobweb ſhee hath ſpun:
Worth nothing, of no durance, every blaſt
Can break it, with a diſh of water caſt,
It falls; or *ſoone* when ſhee makes cleane the (roome
Sweeps downe the Cobweb, and with her long broome,
The Spider kils: from heavens embroydered hall,
The Angels ſee (who with one act view all

That's

Thats done on earth,(ſo doe the Devils too,
And crave ſuch acts as to their nature due.)
Fond men with the laborious Spider toile
By day and night are troubled, keep a coile,
To purchaſe Lands, and Titles, and all done,
'Tis but a ſilly Cobweb they have ſpun.
Your goods, your lands, your glorious titles be,
Expos'd to Fortunes mutability.
The Senates anger, or a Kings diſpleaſure,
Commands your liberty, life, honours, treaſure.
How many Princes, mounted even to th' top
Of Fortunes wheele, have falne? and without hope
Ever to riſe; who but the other day,
Ore many Nations had Monarchicke ſway?
How many wealthy men, even in our times,
Either for reall or ſuppoſed Crimes,
Have been diſpoil'd of all? and know no more
Of their vaſt treaſures, but that heretofore,
They had aboundance: And 'tis no releife,
To have been happy, but a greater griefe.
So rich men onely dreame of goods and lands, *Pſal. 76.*
And waking graſpe juſt nothing in their hands.
A ſickneſſe ſoiles the choiſeſt beauties grace,
Time leaves his furrowes in the ſmootheſt face.
Waſt not a frenſie in the Epyrot
To boaſt when his Victorious ſword had got,
Great Rome and Italie; he would waft ore, *Plutarch in vita Pyrrhi.*
And land his forces on the Lybick ſhore.
Africk ſubdu'd, hee'd conquer France and Spaine,
Then Aſia, and the Eaſterne Regions gaine.
The ſage Philoſopher demanding leave,
Thus does the haughty Pyrrhus undeceive.
'What title have you to invade theſe lands?
'Tis not the number of acquirde commands
'Makes Monarcks potent? rather ſuch are weake,
'Who in their Conqueſts lawes of juſtice breake.
Pyrrhus. 'Doe not I lyneally claime my deſcent,
'From great *Achilles*, who to Ilium went?

And

'And *Neoptolemus* his warlike ſon,
'Who ſackt the Citie of Lyomedon.
'I tell thee *Cineas* thy friend *Pyrrhus* ſprings
'From *Alexander*, and Moloſſian Kings.
'Who like Joves thunder through the world did flie,
'Imp'd with the plumes of nimble Victory.
'And of the Eaſt a ſpeedy conqueſt made;
'And had there been more worlds, my Kinſmans blade
'Had all ſubdu'd. From great *Æacides*,
'My mother, from renowned *Hercules*
'My father draweth his ſtem; from both my blood,
'And both excite me to be great and good.
'Feare argues baſeneſſe, Demi-gods and Kings,
'Are borne t'attempt, and act Heroick things.
'Have I degenerated? did not theſe hands
'Defeat *Demetrius*, and his bay-crowned bands?
'When I was young, whoſe valour but mine owne
'Worth could reſtore me to my Fathers throne?
Here *Cyneas* ſmiles, and pitying much his Prince,
(Pardon firſt beg'd, thus ſpeakes without offence.
'Iſt not a folly (Sir) to vaunt of blood?
'When ſuch are onely Noble, who are good.
'And tis a ſigne of ſmall inherent worth,
'When kin and cloathes are urg'd to ſet us forth.
'True worth and vertue not by deed of gift
'Or birth deſcend, but we muſt make a ſhift
'To purchaſe 'em. Such are more noble, who
'(Firſt) raiſe a houſe, then they who (laſt) undoe.
'As valiant deeds, ſo kindred then are beſt,
'When others, not our ſelves the fame ſhall teſt.
'Gaurus cures any ſickneſſe, if not nam'd,
'Speake Gaurus, and his Energie is maim'd.
''Tis brave to do exployts worthy the Pen
'Of *Homer*, and *Herodotus*, but then
'Beware to be the trumpe of your owne praiſe,
'Let Courts and Cottages your trophees blaze.
'For noble vertue like ſome ſtreame that's deepe,
'A conſtant, but a ſilent courſe will keepe.

When

'When ſhallow Riv'lets, which on Pibles glide,
'Make louder noice then Seas at a full tide.
'Alive we build no Monuments of Fame,
'To our owne memory, but leave the ſame
'To progenie: The father tels his ſon,
'The worthy acts his Anceſtors have done:
'So we acquire addition to our glory,
'When we being ſilent others ſpeake our ſtory.
'But tell me (Prince) when what yo' intend is done,
'And we have conquer'd all, where th' humble Sun
'Declines, and where hee glorioufly appeares:
'How ſhall we ſpend the remnant of our yeares?
'*Pyrrhus* to this replies, Then comming back
'To our native Land, weele free from cares drink Sack,
'Fare jovially, conſume the dayes and nights,
'In banquets, revellings, and freſh delights.
'Wearied with ſports, our choiſeſt Captive Dames,
'Shall ſet our bloods on fire, then quench our flames.
'The ayre, the land, the Ocean ſhall conſpire,
'To furniſh us with what we two deſire.
'Why all this ſtir? why muſt we goe ſo far, *Cineas.*
'Expoſe our ſelves to th' hazard of a war?
'Suffer the heat of dayes, the cold of nights?
'Such Victories obtain'd enter new fights?
'Suppoſe we conquer Rome, Africk, Spaine, France,
'In Aſia our victorious flags advance,
'What have we got? lets caſt up our account,
'To how much does the totall ſumme amount?
'That *Pyrrhus* and his *Cineas* comming back,
'T our native Land, may free from cares drink Sack,
'Fare jovially, conſume the dayes and nights,
'In banquets, revellings, and freſh delights.
But cannot *Pyrrhus* and his *Cineas* doe
All this in Epire? why ſhould we run through
So many dangers; wherefore fight and rome?
When we may have this happineſſe at home.
O fooliſh mortals, ſenſleſſe cares of men,
To leave what we injoy'd at home, and then

To ſeek't abroad, with loſſe of limbs, and lives,
Our daughters rapes, deflouring of our Wives.
Had we not peace? what have we got by wars?
But undone families, but death, but ſcars,
(The teſts of civill fights) with Engliſh gore
Wee are forc'd to purchaſe what we had before,
And might have ſtill enjoy'd, had we not been
Selfe-authors of our miſchiefs, and brought in,
All the deſtructive plagues that wait upon
A Common-weale rent by diſſention.
A ſtate before indifferently good,
Turn'd ſhambles, an Acheldama of blood,
And ſlaughtered corps; 'tis true, before w'had many
Religions with us, now we ſcarce have any.
And what muſt be deplor'd with guſhing teares,
Weake hopes of better, but of worſe ſtrong feares.
Yet now (with *Pyrrhus*) we have conqur'd all,
Lets bury ſtrife in a juſt funerall.
As Chriſtians ought, know the beſt end of blowes
Is clemencie, and to forgive our foes.
Such moderation *Cajus Caſar* made
More lov'd and fam'd then his victorious blade.
That conquer'd *Caſars* foes; but mercy takes
Caſar, and of himſelfe a conquerour makes.
They're Wolves and Beares, who on dead Bodies pray;
The Lyon ſcornes a proſtrate foe to ſlay.
Iſt not Gods chiefeſt atribute to ſhow
Much mercie to tranſgreſſours? ſuch who know
To pardon injuries reſemble God,
Who more delights in favours then the Rod.
Habac. 3. And in the midſt of's fury does aſſwage,
With clemency the rigour of his rage.
Gen. 3. So when his doome ſtrikes our firſt parents dead,
The Womans ſeed ſhall bruiſe the Serpents head.
And when the world is ſwallowed up in waves,
Juſt *Noah* and his Family God ſaves,
To be a future Nurſery of men.
And to make populous the world again.

Shall

Shall ſins againſt our ſelves be thought almoſt,
As great as ſins againſt the Holy Ghoſt,
Ne're to be pardon'd? ſhall our children rue,
And childrens children (what they never knew)
Their Grandſires errors? If't erroneous be,
To ſerve, t'obey, to fight for Majeſty.
Dare we preſume we have a Deitie,
In us to caſt on faults infinitie?
Are we not mortall men? and ſhall we beare
Immortall enmities? Will we not feare,
Like retributions at Gods hands? Can we
For ſins againſt that ſupreame Majeſty, Pſal.
Done by us vermine, who to God compar'd
Are nothing, hope by th' ſame God to be heard,
When we forgiveneſſe aske for Talents ought,
Our ſelves forgiving not a petty fault? Matth. 18.
Will nothing ſatisfie? but deaths, but bands,
But ſequeſtrations of mens goods and lands,
Will we not feare? will we not ſtand in awe,
Of the like recompence? or Talions Law?
How did we handle *Strafford*? how grave *Laud*?
We made a rod for them; now the ſame rod,
Scourges our ſelves, as our owne Souldiers plead,
They trace our ſteps, who firſt this dance dar'ſt lead.

The Armies remonſtrance concerning the impeachment, and ſuſpending of the eleven Members.

How doe the Angels ſmile to ſee poore Ants,
More wiſe then the worlds chiefe inhabitants;
They toyle, they labour, gather here and there,
To hoard up graine againſt the following yeare:
When they are ſure by winters froſts and raines,
To be beſieg'd, therefore take all this paines,
To fortifie their hold; but man that knowes,
Not whether in the Sabboth, or the ſnowes
Of winter, he ſhall take his flight; (both times, Matth. 24.
Unfit to travell into diſtant climes)
Provides not for his journie, ſcarce demands,
What coine goes currant in remoter Lands.
Sound faith, firme hope, love, hoſpitality,
Patience in trouble, meekneſſe, piety.

These when our soule does the fraile body leave,
Shall in eternall mansions it receive.
And when we all by th' Angels summond must
Be reunited to our wonted dust,
And Christ appeare in his majestick state
Of glory, in the vale of *Josaphat*;
Myriads of Angels waiting on their prince,
(All of the Judges verdict in suspence.)
These shall conduct you up to Christs right hand,
Where without dread securely you shall stand,
And see the Book of Consciences laid ope,
And all our actions done under the Cope
Of heaven made knowne, then heare the Judges votes,
Remunerating Sheepe, condemning Goates.
'Ingratefull wretches why have you misus'd,
'Those treasures I have given you, why abusde?
'Your Stewardship, not knowing, or not caring,
'How I to thousand others have been sparing,
'To you most bountifull? your labours blest,
'Your sheep, your oxen, and your stocks increast;
'Your eares of corne yielding a hundreth fold,
'Your Ships returnd loaded with spice and gold.
'And why all this? that your superfluous store,
'Should finde our, pity, and relieve the poore.
'Amongst the needy distribute your selfe,
'Whom I esteem'd my Brethren: more, my selfe.
'But your boards furnish'd with choise Kates and Wines,
'Distressed *Lazarus* at your threshold pines.
'You strut in silks and purple, *Lazarus* begs
'Your crums to satisfie his hunger, rags
'To cloth his nakednesse, bind up his wounds,
'But finds more mercifull then you, your Hounds.
'You cruell men, what pleasure did you take?
'When you could severall Goales and Prisons make
'To torture poore offenders; as if God,
'Had not for you as well a scourging rod,
'As them: did ever your superfluous store,
'Comfort a prisoner, or relieve the poore?

'How

'How many ſtarv'd in priſons thither ſent,
'Even for no crimes, at your commandement?
'And being petition'd for poore men in clogs,
'You cryde out, let 'em famiſh, hang 'em dogs.
'Thus you your Chriſtian brethren did abuſe,
'As if or they, or rather you were Jewes;
'Put in authority, you ſo did beare,
'With cruelty your ſtate, as if you were,
'Not as are other men, but Wolves or Fiends,
'Still ſeeking blood for private ſpleen, and ends.
'Deafe to laments of others, with falſe lies,
'Detractions, ſlanders, feares, and jealouſies,
'Cozoning the world; making the multitude,
'Your inſtruments in ſhedding guiltleſſe blood.
'So at the Prieſts command, the rabble cride
'When I was judg'd, Let him be Crucifi'd.
'When help'd you widowes, and the fatherleſſe?
'When gave you lodging to the harbourleſſe?
'Wretches pack hence to ſubterranean vaults,
'Prepared for the Devils and their faults.

This ſentence given; with flaſhes, and with thunder,
The yawning earth ſhall forthwith rive a ſunder,
And ſwallowing in her jawes, conveigh to Hell
The damn'd, who there eternally ſhall yell.
And waile in flames their moſt accurſed ſtate,
With Devils whom they here did imitate.

Chriſt gently turning toward's the elect his face,
Speakes mildly, but with a Majeſtick grace.
'You bleſſed of my Father, come, partake
'That kingdome and thoſe joyes which for your ſake,
'When the foundation of the world was layd,
'By God predeſtinated were and made;
'For when my members beg'd from dore to dore,
'You gently did ſupport them with your ſtore:
'When hungry, fed 'em, thirſty, gave 'em drinke,
'Nor were you frighted with the loathſome ſtinke
'Of cut-throat Goales, but when they lay in gives
'Your ſupreme charitie, preſerv'd their lives;

'When they were sick you ministred unto 'em,
'When they were wounded, and the Priest not knew 'em;
'Nor Levite, you like the true Samarite,
'Taking compassion from your Horse did lite,
'Bound up their wounds, and brought 'em to an Inne,
'Which you had made an ample Magazin
'Of Chirurgerie for the sick, and with much pity,
'Erected Hospitals in every City.
'And you who for profession of my word,
'And Church, and faith, dreaded nor fire, nor sword;
'Couragiously shedding your noble blood,
'Have swum with Israel through a crimson flood.
'You sowed my Gospels seed the whole world ore,
'And rain'd on it your owne fructiferous gore,
Acts 5. 'To make it grow; and deem'd it your chiefe fame,
'To suffer ignominy for my Name.
Psal. 125. 'You wept when you went forth to sow this seed,
'But now with joy you shall receive your meed:
'Bringing along with you those soules to Heaven,
'To whom you faith have and salvation given.
'You learned Doctors deckt with virdant bayes,
Dan. 12. 'Shall issue forth as the fresh morne your raies.
'You guided others in the way of right,
'And now shall shine as starrs ith' gloomy night.
This speech being ended with triumphant cries,
The judge, th' Angels, the Saints ascend the skies.
All Roman triumphs were but silly toye,
Or rather gaudy feastings of Schoole-boyes.
Compar'd to this, where Christ the King of Kings,
With him his captives, yet all conquerors brings
Into the eternall Citie. (All had bin,
Made slaves to death, and Hell, and both by sin;)
(They were enfranchiz'd by his precious blood,
On Golgoth shed, from this base servitude.
And fighting battailes of the God of hosts,
Subdu'd the world, the flesh, infernall Ghosts.)
For though the blessed Saints shall alwayes play,
(Their life being one continued Holie-day.)
Yet shall their first ascent more glorious be,

And solemniz'd, with more festivitie.
The Hierarchies of Angels will attend,
And entertaine obsequiously their friend,
And fellow-sharer Man, leading the way,
And as they mount, sing hymns, and sweetly play.
What a magnifique spectacle shal't be?
To behold every distinct Hierarchie,
March in array, as if they went to win
A battaile, or some Citadel take in.
These Squadrons marching: of hiacinthine clouds,
A stately Chariot made great Jesus shrowdes,
And such his grandeure is, his beautie such,
And Angels of viewing him have nere too much.
For now the glory of his soule, (which he
Injoy'd even in this vaile of misery) 1 Pet. 1.
Reflecting on his comely face a light,
Shall make it then the Sun (at Noone) more bright.
The Angels gone before, the Saints shall follow,
And Epinician acclamations hollow.
Apostles, Martyrs, (their fronts crown'd with bayes,
Shall blithly chaunt their grand Commanders praise.
The Patriarcks, Prophets, Doctors, Maides conspire,
With choisest voyces to make up the Quire.
Roses at every passage, as they goe,
And Violets on Jesus head they throw:
As if the welkin now turn'd Aprill Spring,
Would pay the latest tribute to its King.
The Airie Regions eccho in the eares,
Of our Musicians, what th' harmonious Spheres
Sweetly deliver; melodie of Lutes,
Viols, Theorbes, Clarions, Trumpets, Flutes.

The condition of this World after the day of judgement.

This glorious sight so wondrously shall scare,
The Sun, the Moone, and every lesser Star,
That all the glittering Tapers, which cause day
And night, amaz'd perpetually shall stay
In the same Zenith; no more shoot their beames,
By winding motions of their Orbed Temes. Apoc. 10.
Hoping (although such hopes will be in vaine,)
They shall behold the selfe same show againe.

To the truly Noble, and Virtuous Lady, *Honoria*, Marchionesse of Winchester.

In Sermonem Quintum.

Hy did God labour when he made the Court
Of Heaven so glorious? wherefore in such sort
Did he adorne it? wherefore take a mold,
Better then this terrestriall we behold,
For the Materiall? furnish it with light,
Of all the scattered Tapers of the night,
And that eternall Torch the Sun? let's breake
Into Gods Cabinet councell, and then speake
Freely our sense. He meant a house to make,
For th' Angels and blest Saints, and for their sake,
Mansions prepare with all magnificence,
To please the eye, and pleasure every sense.
And may we not imagine that God aym'd
At the same end? when with such Art he fram'd,
Your beauteous selfe, proportion'd limbs, a face
Most amiable, and a peculiar grace,
In all your actions. Did God idely take
Such paines in the composure? No; hee'd make
A curious Palace for a spirit divine,
Which seriously should emulate the Nine
Orders of Angels, and as they doe move,
In the same Orbe of a Seraphick Love.
A sumptuous Court to entertaine a Soule,
That mounting to its Centre, should controule,
Terrene affections: As you firmely stand,
When Apostatick Scenes through the whole Land,
Are dayly acted; and th' gloomie night,
Of more then Dacian Tempests shine more bright.
(Though Noahs streames to th' multitude prov'd graves,
Yet like his Arke, You're raisde to Heaven by waves,)
And we dare say, not idolizing You,
Nor flattering, but with confidence what's true,
GOD fram'd your specious Outside, and ordain'd,
A fairer Soule should in't be entertain'd.
Which guiding for a while, that ordred Sphere,
Should afterwards ascendto Heaven, and there,
Exit a bright Constellation with your rayes,
Direct our Ladies in their nobler wayes.

J: A: R.